THE CAVALIER

A Romance.

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Truth severe, by fairy fiction drest. GRAY.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR

LONGMAN, HURST, REES, ORME, AND BROWN,

PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1821.



THE CAVALIER.

CHAP. I.

O had this deed to run again its course,
Or could retrace its blood bespotted steps,
No hand of mine would I embrue in it:
Not that I grieve the doing of what's done;
But I do grieve that they who won the spoil,
Are aught but thankful for my service done.

Old Contention of York and Lancaster.

The horsemen had scarcely left the town five minutes, before the witch, seizing her broomstick, departed from the inn. She pursued their track over the Paisley moss, a hilly and broken moor, across which (in its most elevated part) ran the common road. The highway had once been fenced off the waste by a high stone wall; but it had fallen in many places, or been thrown down by the incursions of

the cattle there pasturing; so that, at this time, there were more gaps than remains of the two lines of viatory demarcation. The grey woman had her eye upon the troopers, as they mounted the rugged road, which passed over the crown of the moor; they attained the height, and in a few minutes their whole troop disappeared over the hill. She sat down to repose herself upon a stone which had fallen, and which being of great size, supported the remainder of the wall, whence it had detached. "Aye, aye," said she, "after a', these reckless lads are the down o' the heather — when wad the Round-heads have offered a body a horn o' liquor? By my blood and bones, ye ma' thirst and thirst to it, before ye get a draught o' aught but the running stream, fra' their puritan consciences. Well, well, I have done my do 'gain the Baron; but were it to do again —"

"Ye'd change your hand;" cried a voice above her.

The woman shrieked with terror,—pro-

bably believing it was in reality the devil come at last to conduct her *ad inferos.* She turned round, and beheld, not the devil, but Jonathan Snell. He was without defensive arms, but had a sword at his side, and pistols in his girdle: his weapons were only perceptible as he sprang over the wall, (upon which he had been leaning), for he wore a huge horseman's cloak, which, when he was standing upon even ground, entirely enveloped him.

"Devil ha' ye," cried Doll; "what fiend brought ye over my head?"

"The fiend Curiosity," replied Snell. "I knew ye had been with the Cavaliers, and I sought to gain your private judgment of those children of blood."

"And how came ye to know," said the witch, "where I was at this hour? Have ye tekken up my trade? There are enow already to do us good."

"It is not an hour," answered the puritan, "since I passed the town. A friend warned me of the lurking foe, and

I spied ye through the casement, as I gathered their strength. I marked ye," continued he, drawing up his lip in scorn, "I mark'd ye, old woman, prancing i' the midst of the Cavaliers, like your old namesake i' the circle of her fiends."

Doll hung her head; she could answer nothing: the puritan proceeded —

"Had ye forgotten all our sufferings; that we were banished from the haunts of men, like the infectious leper, or the beast which battens on the blood of its victim? Had ye forgotten the night of our revenge, and the part ye played in that dismal tragedy? Had ye forgotten the jeers, and the gibes, and the pitiless mockeries bestowed on ye by that scornful malignant, the officer Armstrong? — Had ye forgotten these; and more, that ye gave the right hand of fellowship to our sworn foes; that ye drank of their cups, and eat of their bread; that ye sung in their songs, and danced in their dances? A murrain on yer pitiful soul! had ye been a man, instead of the crazy

giftless wretched woman ye are, my broad sword should have cleft yer head from yer shoulders."

"Ye may do it now, Jonathan," replied the woman; "it na much matters, whether I go sooner or later."

"Ye'll go to hell," cried Snell, "whenever ye go: ye would sell your soul and body for a horn of liquor at any time; and if ye are not drunken now, the devil fetch me."

"What me!" cried Doll, "me drucken! Is your grandfather, Solomon the sober, drucken? Ye may as well believe it. Ye thinken ye have done finely to rate and rasp at me o' this'n; but yer hot head's as far fra' guessing the trouth, as Eccles pike fra' the Yarn Crag."

"What mean ye?" said Snell: "some lying excuse I trow; but ye must cook it daintily to make it pass down my throat."

"I care na," replied the witch, who had by this time recollected herself, and assumed all her importance and fierce-

ness of character — "I care na whose throat it goes down; for little am I bounden to make ye or other mortal my master; but who is there else, sin' ye were departed, that dare herd wi' the tiger, and watch his haunts, but mysel? who is there among us that dare stand i' the gap but me, and turn the hour o' merriment and revelry o' our foes into the safeguard o' our covenanted friends? Answer me that, ye man o' choler?"

Snell surveyed her some time with acute earnestness, but he could not perceive, in the witch's sallow countenance, one line of that irresolute modesty which is the general concomitant of a made-up story. Her fortitude of face, and energy of tone, overcame the doubts of the mountaineer, and he held out his hand,

"I wrong'd ye, Doll," said he; "you have acted with a politic foresight, a nice wisdom, which I scarce fancied your crack'd brain would have litten on. Well, and what learned ye? What brings the Cavalier to Banner Cross?

"His horses," replied the woman sulkily.

"Nay, Doll," cried Snell, "an ye get the sulky fit, the devil himself would not keep ye company."

"I neither ask him nor you," answered the witch.

"Nay; but ye know," said the puritan, "I spoke warmly, for the sake of the cause: we have both suffered in it; we have both drunk a measure of revenge. Ye seem to rue the bargain."

"Not I," replied Doll; "though yer bullying and baiting mought well excuse me. But may the devil throw his cloak over the past; let us pass on, and as we journey ye shall know a'."

They then proceeded up the hill, and thence onward towards Banner Cross.

"Whence came ye to Chapel?" said Doll to her companion: "we had given ye up for lost, seeing ye were na heard of sin' yer leaving the Tor dale, wi' the preacher Windyman."

"He fell into the hands of the Cavaliers," replied Snell. "The sloth would

fill his maw, and was caught by the hunters. He would bait at Shortmalt's, as we passed the town; and as he was gormandizing, up came a troop of Cavaliers, with that Scotch rascal at their head. I fled for dear blood, and left the dotard to his fate."

"Ye escaped well?" said Doll.

"Very hardly," replied Snell; "the horse I rode, Stodard's of the Brook, was over heavy to flee fast; but I made shift to keep a-head, till I reached the bridge at Waily."

"And ye turn'd it on the pursuers?" cried the witch.

"Ye say it," answered the mountaineer. "I turned it under a volley of pistol shot; but their balls only rattled on my proof arms, like hail upon a canister."

"Where went ye then?" said the woman.

"I travelled slowly on to Bullock Smithy, where the parliament has a garrison; but the commissioners had joined

the northern army under Fairfax and Cromwell, and were then at Hull." —

"And ye went thither?" said the witch.

"I did so," replied the mountaineer. "I rode the whole way without friend, guide, or companion."—

"How managed ye to avoid the Cavaliers?" said Doll.

"I did not seek to avoid them," cried Snell. "I did as ye did this day; joined in their company, and cried out Church and King, and down with the Parliament. I got board and lodging for myself and beast, the whole journey. The Cavaliers were always too drunken or too merry to look under my mail; had they drawn the slough, woe to the serpent."

"But didna they examine ye?" said Doll.

"At garrison towns they did," replied Snell; "but I kept to one tale, that I was a trooper of Newcastle's army, and it passed current."

"The stupid mongrels!" exclaimed

the witch, "they dinna know the hounds o' their own cast from those o' a foreign breed." —

"Nay, but yer wrong, woman," cried Snell; "we're all of one breed, but the training has crost us. They have stuck to the hall, and to the hearth; they have grovelled at their master's feet, and lick'd the dust for a dirty maintenance; they have lived lazily and daintily, and now seek a continuance of their sloth and feeding, by tearing the bowels of their kith and kind: but we who live upon the rock, and who inhabit the desert, have fared hard and worked harder; have stood upon our liberty and independence. We lick no man's feet, but are ready and willing to lay down our lives for the good of all. This is our difference: we are all Englishmen.

"Woe the while!" cried the witch; "but how fared ye, wi' the commissioners at Hull?"

"They fixed me a meeting," replied the puritan, "with Fairfax and Crom-

well. I met those officers at the commissioners' lodgings in the castle; and there ran over our strength, our arms, and lastly, the daring deed which had made our names terrible to the Cavaliers of this quarter."

"Well; they thanked ye greatly?" said Doll.

"They not only thank'd me, and our brethren, for our important services, as they pleased to call them; but placed our company on the roll of regular forces, with a fixed pay; and here," said he, producing a vellum instrument, "is my commission as their captain."

"Ye're an ambitious mon," said the witch, "and ye'll climb higher, or fa' for it."

"The road is open," cried the mountaineer; "and he is false to his fortune that will not abide some jostling to obtain it."

"Ye have a daring soul," said the grey woman.

"Think ye," said Snell, "I was formed

to herd cattle on the hill, or hunt deer on the mountain, or earn bitter bread, with painfully digging in the common field? Never! these are the times for men of courage to rise, and shew themselves. Unnatural distinctions are abolished; and he that has a stout heart, and stalwart arm, is more likely to win fame and fortune, than the best titled dastard among the nobility."

"Then now ye are regulars," said the grey woman, "ye'll be under command."

"Yea," replied Snell; "we are attached to the army of the north."

"Remain ye here then?" enquired Doll, "or do ye join yer General?"

"I wait for orders," replied the Captain (as we may now call him): "the last even, I returned as I went to Bullock Smithy; but fearing discovery, if I travelled to the hills armed and mounted, I came as ye see to measure my ground."

"Yer caution was needful i' faith," said the witch; "the Cavaliers are mostly galloping the country over."

"I learnt the fall of Wibberley," said Snell, "at the Smithy last night. Captain Purefoy (the governor) and his officers have joined their regiments."

"Yea, have they in trouth," said Doll; "and the Cavaliers swear, they shall ha' neither ransom nor quarter when they next meet, for their breach o' word."

"The tables may turn," cried Snell, with a sneer. "The Cavaliers may have to ask, instead of to give. Let them look to their own lines; fortune is fickle, and changes with the wind.—But what doth Sydenham at Banner Cross?"

"He only visits his parents," replied the witch "like a good son. After a', it wad be a sorry day to me that brought down the head o' that gallant youth—he was ever kind and gracious to the poor; and mony's the awms he hath given me, when I knew na where else to get bread."

"Did he not lead Spandyke to the hills?" said Snell, pulling his hat over his brows and wrapping himself in his cloak. "Did he not open the door upon

us, when he was a school-going lad, scarce fit to sit a saddle? Was this his mercy to the poor! his tenderness to the helpless! —I threaten not; but an' we meet in the throng of war, his heels must go up, or my saddle to the ground."

"Ye red yer fortin," cried the witch, "and the latter's true, if ye encounter the heir o' Falconridge—avoid him, as ye wad a roaring lion: In peace, I have said it, he's gentle as the week-born lambkin; but who knows not his might in battle? Woman as I am, and old, I have heard of his daring deeds, both at Keniton and Roundaway—ye may know more—beware in time."

The witch held up her finger, in a warning attitude; whilst her companion surveyed her with a look of reckless contempt.—

"Think ye," said Snell, "I fear the stripling? or that the lying forebodings of such a crazy body as ye, can make me fear him?—I will not seek his life, for in the old time the Baron Falconridge was

my liege lord, and I his sworn vassal; but those days are up; let him not cross my path." —

"An he do," replied the witch, "his sword, and na your mercy, maun guard his life."

"And what have I to do with mercy?" cried the mountaineer. "Did I feel it from his party, when they back'd me on an untamed horse, and made me the sitting pole of his manège?"

"Talk not o' that," said the grey woman. "He was innocent; the guilty suffered his doom'd fate. Ye were fully revenged."

"Ye lie, like a cat of hell," cried the Puritan; "I was not half revenged.— Spandyke's death, and add to it Jellatt's, (who never had my true pardon) were nothing."—

"But the firing o' the castle," said the witch.

"Was the only good came to me," exclaimed Snell: "It made me what I am. —And how was the castle won? Was it

not with the loss of one half of our brethren, who fell under the murthering fire of the Cavaliers?—They owe us a bloody account, both for that night and the Tordale fight: we have given them a long day, but we will reckon at last."

They were now passing a small hamlet, formed by the accumulation of three or four cottages, at the other side of the Paisley moss; the occupiers whereof were of the puritan or parliamentary interest, and several of them soldiers in the regiment of Snell. Though thus politically attached, they were born vassals of the house of Falconridge, to which they paid a relief in kind, and manual service for a certain number of days in the year. The licence of the times had served the inhabitants of the hamlet for an excuse to withdraw their reliefs and services; and it was not until the power of the sword, throughout the barony, was in the hands of the Cavaliers, that Mark Green, the steward (in whose care matters of this nature were entirely trusted), dared to

venture an expostulation with the puritans. Since the defeat of the Round-heads in the Tordale, by Major Gualter and Armstrong, the affairs of the barony had reverted nearly to their old channel, and Green visited the several villages and townships within his jurisdiction, in the accustomed routine, and with his ancient importance. He had arrived at this village about a quarter of an hour before Snell and the grey woman entered it, for the purpose of altercating with the cottagers the right of detention of the usual reliefs; and as the travellers were passing by, they saw his horse standing at the door of one of the cottages.

"That will be the steward's horse," said Snell.

"Ye have said it," replied his companion: "his good keeping marks the owner."

"He's paying a visit to Samuel, I trow," said the puritan, "for his small reliefs. Bide a bit; we'll join the company."

Snell advanced to the door, and listened; he heard the voice of the steward in high contention.

"Ye must either duly pay your customs, or stand distress and levy; the whether ye liken better. Think ye to have house, and land, and common of pasture for all manner of cattle, withouten proper return of dues and customs? Ye are bounden by your tenure, and yet ye make no more matter of that than if ye were free by the knight-service."

The mountaineer brought this sort of argumentation to a conclusion, by pushing open the door; when he found the steward, standing in the middle of the cottage, armed with his spurs and riding rod; and the inhabitant, Samuel Sockman, listening with puritanical submission to the arrogant lawyer. The effrontery of the steward failed him, however, at the sight of Snell, who advanced into the cottage. Green hastily told Sockman "he should expect him at the Castle

Town," and was drawing off towards the door, when the mountaineer clutch'd him in his iron grasp.

"Be not so hasty, master steward," said Snell. "Tarry awhile, and let us have a little gab together. It's long since you and I last parley'd."

"I cannot wait now," replied Green; "I have many miles to ride in my circuit, and I shall scarce win home ere nightfall."

"I scarce think ye will," said the puritan; "ye might have taken the gift of witchery from Doll here."

"And therefore ye see," said the seneschal, "I must ride hard, for the sun's sinking now."

"Quietly, quietly," cried Snell, "more haste worse speed: Bide a bit, master steward; ye'll not get home the sooner, an ye start now."

"But I tell ye," said Green, "that the sun is sinking, and it's not over pleasant to pass the Winnets in a dead darkness."

"Ye'll not pass the Winnets to-night," said Snell.

"Not to-night!" replied the steward.

"No; nor to-morrow," cried the mountaineer; "nor the next day; nor the next week: save ye can pay a round ransom for your ugly carcase."

"What! me pay ransom?" replied the seneschal. "Whose prisoner am I?"

"Mine," said Snell.

"Your's," replied Green; "I must first be your enemy, before I can be your captive."

"Are not you Mark Green," said the soldier, "steward of the barony of Banner Cross, the baron's seneschal, and a Cavalier?"

"I am not a military man," replied Green.

"What matter that?" cried Snell, "an ye fight not, ye pay; ye gather with the foe, and birds of a feather flock together."

"But those who fight," said the steward, "are only subject to the chances of

"What caused your troop then," said the mountaineer, "to lay hands on the preacher Windyman? Ye set the example, and we follow it; ye complain foolishly. Unbuckle yer spurs, I'll wear them for your honour."

"My spurs?" cried Green.

"Yer spurs! ay, yer spurs," replied Snell; "can ye not as well walk without spurs as with them?"

"But my horse?" said the steward.

"Oh! ye need not mind him," answered the puritan; "I'll take him under my protection. To tell ye a truth, Providence threw ye in my path; for I've walked from the Smithy, and the way has tired me."

"But whither do we go?" said Green.

"To the woodlands," replied Snell; "your nag knows the way."

"But an ye ride," said the steward, "how must I go?"

"Ye must walk," answered Snell bluntly; "I don't know how else ye'll go, and go ye must."

"But I beseech ye," said Mark, "consider of my wife an' family; when they find I don't return, they'll think I have fallen into a bull pit."

"They may think ye have fallen into the bottomless pit," replied Snell, "for the matter it makes to me. Come, ye malignant, unbuckle; I wait not your fancies."

He drew his broad sword, and stood over the unfortunate steward, until he had drawn his spurs, which Snell then placed on his own boots.

"March on," said the captain; "I'll follow ye.—Doll, have an eye on him."

The steward then left the cottage, attended by the witch. Snell briefly explained to his companion, Sockman, the result of his journey; and ordered him to give notice to his neighbours to hold themselves in readiness to assume arms on instant summons: he then mounted the seneschal's horse, and clapping the rowels into his flank, galloped after his prisoner at a round pace. In a few mi-

nutes he overtook the steward and Doll Jordan, and they advanced rapidly towards the Castle Town. They had come in sight of the Winnets, when they beheld at their entrance, the troop of Cavaliers: Snell drew a pistol, and held it to the steward's head, whilst he silently motioned him to pursue another path to the hills.

CHAP. II.

> The sight, Raoul, struck on my heart;—
> Nay, had my heart been harder than a rock,
> Harder than adamant, it must have melted
> At this piteous spectacle—
> But, to the tears of grief, succeeded rage,
> Hot indignation, and death-dooming fury.
>
> *Siege of Candy*

The night had already begun to set in, when the Colonel and his troop reached the top of the Winyate's Pass. The last time he stood on that spot, Sydenham had turned round and viewed, with delight, the castle of Banner Cross in its proud prosperity; he looked thitherward now, and saw a heap of black and fire-scorched ruins: the place of his nativity, the hall of his fathers, the seat and scene of every dear tie and hallowed remembrance, had been a prey to the spoiler, and was now a mass of dust and ashes. The Cavalier felt a mixed sensation, of sorrow and indignation at the visible de-

solation of his paternal mansion, which he had with success combated at a distance: at a distance, he acknowledged the misfortune, but he bore it as a soldier: when the sad sight came under his immediate contemplation, the ruin came home to his heart, and he deplored it, as does the Arab warrior, who, on his return from an expedition, finds his horde scattered, and his wives and horses led away captive. When they entered the defile, the Colonel ordered a trumpet to sound their approach, which was answered by the garrison with a volley of musquetry. In a short time they emerged from the gorge, and descended the road leading to the town: they approached the barriers, and found them lined with the officers and soldiers of the garrison. Lord Falconridge, Doctor Grostete, Major Gualter, and Picard, had pressed to the northern rampart, to receive the Colonel and his troop. Sydenham sprung from his horse; he embraced his father and his old tutor:

even Picard got a hearty squeeze by the hand. The two latter had not seen our hero since his last departure from Banner Cross: he was then the image of blooming youth; his chin was soft as a maiden's; and although tall, and gracefully proportioned, yet he had not that appearance of muscular strength which denotes fixed and full grown manhood. Nearly two years of toil, and the fatigues attending a military life, had, in some measure, changed his person: he was handsome before, but he was now elegant and highly polished; and had that kind of interesting look, which fascinates at first sight: his heretofore beautiful features had now attained a characteristic expression, which was (if any thing) increased by the warrior hue they had acquired in three campaigns; and the slender gracefulness of his more youthful figure was transformed, if not into the breadth and muscle of manly maturity, yet into a kind of figure propinquatory thereto. Grostete looked

silently upon his quondam pupil with moistened eyes, whilst the faithful Frenchman danced about for joy.

"Ah, Mynheer!" exclaimed Picard (for he had transferred this title to Sydenham, since the death of Major Spandyke) "Ah Mynheer! Je suis tout à fait heureux! Je suis gai! mort de ma vie! vive le Mynheer!" He then ran to the Colonel's charger, the same horse which he himself had broken, and covered it with caresses, crying out, "Ah, mon bon cheval! mon cher cheval de bataille! mon bon ami! mon vieil ami! mon ami des amis!"

Lord Falconridge conducted Sydenham to the steward's, where he and his lady, together with Doctor Grostete, continued to reside. The Baroness had heard the trumpet, and the firing; and had waited, with all a mother's impatience, for the arrival of her darling son. When he entered, and stood before her, so strong and overpowering were her maternal feelings, that instead of advancing to meet him, she sank upon her

seat, and fainted away. Sydenham, his father, and the doctor, exerted themselves to recover her, and she speedily opened her eyes, to be blest with the sight of all her earthly treasure. This moment amply repaid her for her fright and sufferings on the night of the fire; this moment compensated for a separation of two years, and restored the smile of joy to that countenance, whence, since his departure, it had been entirely banished.

"And do I see ye again, Charles Sydenham?" cried the old lady. "Do I live to behold you return safe and well? May the holy providence be blessed and praised now and for ever. Oh! I have prayed for this happy day; that I might be spared to see thee once more, my son! and thou hast heard me, divine Father! thou hast heard the prayer of my heart. Now am I willing to depart in peace."

Sydenham answered not, but pressed his mother's hand.

"Think not of his return alone," said

the Baron, "but that he returns a conqueror, the vanquisher of his sovereign's enemies, and a Cavalier, who has a name in war above the throng."

"I think of himself alone," replied the mother; "his person is dearer to my heart than his fame. That he deserves well of his Majesty, is to be ascribed unto heaven, which hath directed his heart in the way it should go. No: I leave to man theestimation of his glory; I feel he is my son: I should love him equally well, were he as obscure as he is now redoubtable."

"I like him none the less," said Lord Falconridge, "for being an honour to his house. But why stand ye here, Charles? Draw your arms."

"Let me be his armourer, *pro hac vice*," said the Doctor smiling; "and we can unarm him here: I see my Lady would not part with him for a moment."

Grostete, with the assistance of the Baron, unbuckled his cuirass, and other

armour; leaving Sydenham in his under dress of buff, with the sleeves and breeches puffed and slashed.

"He hath grown exceedingly," said the Doctor; "when he went out, he was tall and graceful as the young poplar; he returns, strong and mighty as the forest oak."

"I see," cried Sydenham, "I have not outgrown your liking."

"No; nor my authority, notwithstanding your colonelship," said the Doctor; "although no longer your pedagogue, yet am I now your spiritual director, which is an office of a higher cast, and requireth a superabundance of reverential obedience."

"I am a true son of the church," said Charles smiling; "but the church is in distress: she hath dropped the keys, and her laws, doctor, 'inter arma silent,' as I have heard your reverence frequently express it."

"Fie upon't," said the Doctor; "ye attack the holy church with a two-edged

sword: I fear me your court keeping hath done ye little good in a spiritual way. I must exert myself to recall in you a fitting frame of mind."

"My mind is fittingly framed," replied the Colonel, "to approve the appeal of my stomach; which is for something substantial, in the way of repast."

"Thanks to the steward's hospitality," said the Baron, "we are plentifully provided. Doctor, you're the best cook in the country; may we trouble ye?"

"Trouble, for Charles Sydenham," cried Grostete; "although he's not quite so orthodox as I would have him, yet it won't do to starve out his peccadilloes. Yes, yes, I'll manage for him."

The evening was spent by the Colonel, in recounting to his mother, the events in which he had been an actor, since his departure from Banner Cross. The old lady made a thousand interruptions, dwelling on each circumstance with maternal particularity; whilst, on the other side, Charles was plied with inter-

rogatories by the Doctor; and this series of question and answer, interrogation and explanation, was prolonged until a late hour; Lady Falconbridge keeping it up, when even the Doctor had composed himself to a quietus in his elbow chair.

We shall leave the old lady to enjoy the company of her son, and the Doctor his nap, whilst we adjourn to another part of the house, occupied by persons in a station somewhat inferior, namely, the family of Mr. Mark Green, steward of the barony. Mrs. Rachel Green, the wife of the seneschal, was a plump, good-looking woman of forty, the mother of three infants, and likely to be of many more: though not quite a shrew in disposition, she had that kind of authority in her manner, which denotes "the grey mare to be the better horse;" and it must be confessed, that if her husband did not absolutely stand in fear of his helpmate, yet he paid her, both in word and deed, all imaginable deference;

and never undertook any action, how unimportant soever, without the consent of Mrs. Green first had and obtained.

This worthy lady, when the hour which should have returned her spouse to her longing arms, passed over without bringing with it "her bosom's lord," could not restrain her chagrin. She testified her impatience by treating her domestics with an extraordinary fretfulness; finding fault with each thing they did; and bemoaning her fate, who was tied to a man seeking every means to cross and thwart her over-indulgent temper.

"I know very well," said the dame, "that the mon's gotten to Norman's, or Pye's o' the moor, and there he'll sit, swigging for hours to come; and last of a', he'll get so drucken, that he'll break his neck down the East Moor crags."

"He dinna go that way," said one of the servants; "mayster went o' the Chapel road."

"Who told ye that?" cried the mistress.

"Corporal Sidebotham," replied the maid.

"And how should Sidebotham know?" said Mrs. Green.

"He said the troop met mayster at t'other side the Winnets," answered the girl, "as they came fra' Chapel."

"And what were ye doing," cried the wife of the steward, "to be gabbering and gossipping wi' sodgers? We shall have ye some day astride of a trooper's horse, or perch'd upon a baggage wain, I trow, since ye're so fond o' those chaps."

"He's my cousin," said the girl; "and I hanna seen him sin' he started wi' the young lord."

"Cousin quotha! fiddle te dee," cried Mrs. Green, "talk not to me o' cousins—a pack o' ye idle sluts, wad claim relationship wi' a' the young fellows ye could clap yer eyes on."

"Nay, but mayster'll tell ye," said the maid, "that Harry Sidebotham's my own aunt's son."

"Hold yer clack, ye prate-apace!"

cried the dame: "I'll neither believe yer mayster nor yersell. Hearken! there's a knocking."

"Nay," replied a servant-man, whose place it was to attend the gate, and who had inserted himself into a high-backed wicker chair, opposite the fire, "I dinna hear owt."

"Dinna ye, ye lazy tike?" said his mistress. "I dinna see how ye're likely, buried ower head and ears i' that sick chair. But stir ye, nevertheless, and see an that man o' mine be at the gate."

The servant reluctantly withdrew from his seat, and left the room; but presently returned with the information that the coast was clear, without sign of man or horse. This declaration did not certainly operate upon the good lady as a sweetener of her disposition; for she bounced up from her seat, and flung out of the room, with the intention of more sure satisfaction in a personal investigation of the gate and its precincts; but to no purpose; she could see nothing, nor hear a

sound, but the waving of the trees which stood in the court. The awful silence of the night would have calmed a soul commonly tempered; but the sharp breeze had no power to cool the coals of her indignation; nor the still evening to shed quiet upon the restlessness of her humour; nay, the very contrariety of the elements, when compared with her internal storm, seemed to nourish the wind of her anger, and fan the flame of her petulance. She slammed the door to in a rage, and returned into the best kitchen, where the family were assembled, in a fit of more than usual vexation. All the subjects of her household trembled at the wrath of their petticoated sovereign; and it was not long before she began to exercise her power. Her children, who were bred in the most perfect awe of their mother, had usually been allowed to sit with the family until nine o'clock; and not having on this evening received any restrictive injunction from their customary habit, amused themselves in childish pastime on

the kitchen floor. But, alas! "they had reckoned without their host;" their mother spied the three urchins, as she returned from her unsuccessful expedition to the porch, and not observing any thing more handy to vent her spleen upon, called them to account for a breach of orders she had never given, and for a disobedience to her will, which, unless they had the gift of foresight, they could never have known.

"Have I not tow'd ye fifty times, ye little devils," said the mother, "to flit ere the clock strikes eight; and here ye are rowling about the floor, as an ye were so many urchins.—Get to bed wi' ye, ye mongrel," she continued, lending her eldest, a fine flaxen-headed boy of nine years, a hearty cuff on the back; "get to bed, or I'll lay a whip on yer shouthers."

The boy scoured away with great expedition followed by his sisters, leaving Mrs. Green to ponder upon the next subject of her attack. However, as the

servants took care to preserve proper decorum, the dogs lay supine before the fire, and the cat did not even purr so as to be heard, she was under the necessity of restraining her vehement tribulation, and inwardly devouring the excess of her vexation. We do not mean to assert that she remained still and innoxious; for, on the contrary, she kept the servants on a constant alarm all the evening by her splenetic fidgetiness; and as one hour rolled away after another, without the appearance of her husband, her internal struggles, magnified by repression, began to assume an importance and immensity perfectly irrepressible. At length the clock announced the hour of eleven, beyond which the good seneschal had never, in the course of his wedlock, prolonged his stay from home. The spleen and vexation of his wife now changed into surprise and terror; and after revolving what means would be best to recover her lost sheep,—she resolved to speak to Colonel Sydenham,

and ask the advice of the Baron. She therefore sent a message by one of the servants, to the apartment of Lady Falconridge, requesting a moment's audience, which was readily granted. The good woman, with tears in her eyes, made her appearance, and after curtseying with abundance of respect, thus addressed the company.

"May it please yer Lordship, and Ladyship and yer Honour, and yer Reverence (curtseying at each title), I have made bold to step up to ask yer honour's advice about my husband."

"What about him, my good Mrs. Green?" said the Baron.

"Bless yer Lordship," answered she, "he went out on the tenant circuit, riding upon brown Bob: and yer honour's troop met him, they say, at the top o' the Winnets."

"We did," said Sydenham: "I shook hands with Mr. Green myself a little way beyond—"

"I would yer honour were shaking

hands wi' him now," cried Mrs. Green sobbing: "I fear me I shall ne'er see him again."

"How so? how so?" cried Lord Falconridge earnestly. "Is he not returned?"

"Alack a day! no," replied the wife of the steward; "never sin' we were joined i' wedlock, did he stay from his home 'till this hour. Some harm had litten on him; he's fa'n into a pit, or pitch'd over a crag."

"Come, come," said Lord Falconridge, "hope the best; he may have called at a friend's, and got rather merry. There are many occasions, which may have detained him."

"Oh! no, no," said Mrs. Green, shaking her head, "he darena, that is to say, he wadna leave his wife and family, to sit drinking wi' ony mon i' the Peak. It is na his own will that keeps him from his home.—Alack a day! what must be done!"

"Comfort yourself, my good dame,"

said the Baron; "we'll find him, if he is to be found; he went towards Chapel you say?"

"Yea, he did," replied the woman.

"He must have called at Sockman's," pursued Lord Falconridge; "and now I remember, it was myself that so instructed him. Go, good dame, and send a message to serjeant Picard, that I want to see him."

"Thank yer lordship," replied Mrs. Green, curtseying; "thank yer lordship, for yer lordship's great kindness; my poor childer and mysel will be ever in debt to your lordship."

Mrs. Green then left the room, and was not slow in executing the Baron's order. Picard came immediately from his quarters, and was sent up to Lord Falconridge.

"Are you ready for a cold ride, serjeant?" said the Baron.

"Je suis votre serviteur," replied Picard bowing; "and if it is to do your ser-

vice, je suis prêt aller à cheval to de end of de vorld."

"Not quite so far as that," said the Baron smiling; "I only wish you, with half a dozen men, to gallop to the four cottages on the Chapel road; you know them."

"Oui, Monseigneur, tres bien," replied Picard.

"And enquire from Sockman, one of my tenants, at what time Mr. Green, my steward, left the hamlet; he hath not returned home, and it is feared some misfortune hath befallen him."

"I vill go vite," said Picard.

"Stay," said Lord Falconridge; "he may have fallen from his horse by the way; seek him on the road, if ye find him not otherwise."

The serjeant made his obeisance, and retired. In a short time, he had roused his compliment of comrades; their horses were saddled in a minute, and they prepared to depart. As they rode past the

steward's house, Mrs. Green stood at the door, and requesting them to halt, ordered brandy to be brought out, with which they fortified themselves internally against the raw air of the hills. When each man had drank his fill, and, to do them justice, the troopers were by no means halo or sparing, they put their horses into a round trot, and were soon out of sight and hearing. Mrs. Green retired into the house, to ruminate on the probable success of their mission: the doubtfulness of which, she laboured strongly to impress upon the minds of her servants, although she strongly hoped and expected the best. Thus do we all seek to disarm disappointment, by an affected foresight of ill success in those undertakings which we yet secretly believe will have the most happy and beneficial results; and when the termination of our labours, more perfectly accords with the declaration of our mouths, than the expectation of our hearts, we are of that *genus irritabile* which pro-

claims, by the depression of its physiognomy, that it would rather be esteemed a false prophet, than be one, however true, at the expense of the disappointment. So much for human consistency.

The steward's wife again sat down to her knitting (for she had before been employed, as a good housewife, in manufacturing a pair of boot hose for her spouse); but the emotion with which she was agitated, forced her into so many blunders, whereby she lost innumerable stitches, that at length she threw down her work.

"I canna get a needleful," cried she; "this fright has putten me into a quandary, from which I may long pray to get clear, and be no better. But let Mark return, and he shall pay for a', the careless, craftless, drucken wretch!"

The hope of vengeance seemed to restore her spirits; and she once more resumed her occupation, with many mutterings and growlings between whiles.

"He has played some tricks," she continued; "but I trow this'll be his last. I wad the serjeant wad draw him at his horse's tail down the Winnets, and troopers have done more than that afore this time. But he may be as innocent as the sowking pig, for aught I know; but then what is there to cause his stay?"

"Ma' be," said the serving-man, sitting up in his chair, "that hell-doom'd witch, Doll Jordan, ha' blinded him wi' her spells and magic, and he is gone astray, or fa'n into danger."

The good woman of the house, at this probable hypothesis, held up her hands, and exhibited the most rueful signs of consternation in her countenance.

"Ye say it, Hob, ye say it; I must ha'bin doting an' sorrowgone, not to think on't afore. Yea; he's witch'd, I know it now."

"The troopers said they met the witch at Shortmalts o' Chapel," continued Hob, "an' it wur likely she wad follow

'em, as they drew towards Banner Cross."—

"Very likely," cried Mrs. Green, sobbing piteously.

"And Randy Bletherwig," said Hob, "swore that he turned round o' his horse, when they had bottom'd this side o' th' Paisley moss, and seed Doll at the top, attended by the divil."

Mrs. Green stared in affright.

"Ay," pursued the servant, "he swore 'twere as true as th' Bible; for th' thing wi' her wur twice as big as a mon, and covered wi' a cloak o' darkness. Ye could see no head he had; and the fither he wore i' his hat owershadow'd the whole moss."

"Mercy on us," exclaimed his mistress, "it wur a fearful sight for mortal mon to look on. But what must my poor mon do, an he got into their clutches? Alack a day! alack a day! I fear me they'll mak hell broth on him, or roast him afore a fire for a banned offering unto Satan."

"Or ma' be," said the servant sympa-

thetically, "they'll chop him into junkets for charms; or divide his limbs among th' young divils — they're woundily fond, I've heard tell, o' th' spine marrow."

"Peace, ye stony-hearted wretch!" cried Mrs. Green; "ye'r thinken more o' yer foo gabbery, than the danger o' yer mayster. Were ye a true and faithful servant, ye wadna sconce yer lazy body afore a fire, but up and seek, high and low, on mountain and in dale, for him who keeps a house o'er yer head."

"What at this time o' neet?" replied the man. "I darena for my life, though there wur a bagful o' gowd for every step. It wad do na good, an I might happen be witch'd mysen."

"Na matter," said his mistress, "an ye were witch'd a hundred times. The curse o' Doll Jordan could na mak ye more idle, more cowardly, nor a grander 'oo' than ye are; — and so ye may despise her power."

"But a soul's a soul," answered the

man; "and I wadna lose mine by my own folly—ye mought ca' me foo' then wi' reason."

"Silence, ye dinning brute," cried Mrs. Green; "ye'll never lose aught by doing bravely and manfully, ye may take yer oath o' that. Ye wad sit gossiping a' day wi' an owd wife, and leave yer charge to those who wad mind it. Are na ye shamed, ye weak gawly, that ye darena stir ower the threshold for fear of a boggart?"

"There are more than me that fear," answered Hob; "an marry there's good cause. It wur but last week, that Pall Bloomer wur coming under Mam Tor, and a divil, i' shape o' a stone, flew down the shivering front, and lept th' coping stones o' th' high road."

"Pall Bloomer's as great an oaf as thou art," said his mistress; "ye're both hawf-thick."

This dialogue was interrupted by the return of the troopers, who came galloping up the town street. Picard dis-

mounted at the steward's door, and gave his horse to one of the soldiers, who, with his companions, returned to their quarters. The Frenchman no sooner clapped his foot in the house, but Mrs. Green flew upon him with a thousand interrogatories, to which he at first attempted to reply; but finding the torrent hurried on with a flood-tide of impetuosity, he very wisely desisted, until want of breath and matter in the querist had reduced it to something like an even flow. Just at this time the Baron and his companions (who had heard the arrival of the troopers) descended to the kitchen to learn the result of their march, and were rather disappointed in not finding the steward, *in propriâ personâ*, returned with the soldiers.

"Well, Serjeant," said the Baron, "what success had ye? Is Green dead or alive?"

"Oh, monseigneur!" replied the Frenchman, "il est vivant aussi moi-même; mais il est prisonnier."

"Prisoner?" exclaimed the Baron.—The wife shrieked, and threw herself into a chair, covering her head with her apron.

"What mean ye?" said Sydenham: "whose prisoner?"

"Il est prisonner to de Round-heads. L'incendiaire Snell did take Monsieur le maitre, avec son propre main."

"Where learnt ye this?" said the Baron.

"From Monsieur Sockman, at de cottage vere il fut pris."

"He was taken at Sockman's cottage?" said the Doctor.

"Oui, Monsieur le pretre."

"And whither did they go, upon quitting the cottage?" said the Baron.

"A les montagnes," replied Picard. "Monsieur Snell did mount le cheval du maitre, and Monsieur did valk after him à pied."

"Oh! oh! oh!" groaned Mrs. Green.

"Comfort yourself, my good dame," said the Baron; "depend on't your

husband is in safety. A ransom will free him, which I shall take care to satisfy. He who journeyeth in my service, shall suffer no wrong which I can repair."

"Yer Lordship's ower good to us," said the dame; "but happen they may kill him the night, and then yer Lordship's bounty will have sunken i' the sand."

"Trust in my word," replied Lord Falconridge. "They will not, dare not, harm one hair of my steward's head."—

"But they murther'd the Major," said the woman; "and he were o' more worth to yer Lordship than the like o' Mark.

"They feared the Major's ability," said the Baron, not knowing what other apology to make.

"Well, to be sure," replied Mrs. Green, "my honest mon's but a foo, and a foo hath he bin a' his days; but a sad day and a sorrowful wad be that o' his death to me and his family of infant childer."

"You need not make yourself uneasy," said Doctor Grostete; "the Baron's assurance ought to suffice ye. Your hus-

band is in safety, and the Lord Falcon-ridge will to-morrow procure his enlargement."

"Heaven bless his Lordship," replied the dame, a little daunted at the Doctor's solemnity: "prayers shannot be wanting for his Lordship's happiness and honour. We are much bounden to his Lordship."

The good woman curtseyed without intermission, until the Baron, the Doctor, and Colonel Sydenham had withdrawn. Picard returned to his quarters; and Mrs. Green went with a heavy heart to her lonely bed, little comforted with the assurances and promises of Lord Falcon-ridge.

CHAP. III.

Quis tam tumultuoso sonitu meas excivit foras?
PLAUTUS.

Who knocks so hard? Whence come you?
What's your will—— ROMEO AND JULIET.

THE morning sun had scarcely risen,
And lit the azure vault of Heaven,
And shining with a soften'd glow,
Painted with gold the dale below,

when the steward's family was awoke from "the drowsy arms of sleep," by a loud and continued rapping at the gate.— The noise aroused Mrs. Green, who, notwithstanding her trouble, had enjoyed a good night's rest (perhaps the better because her faculties were benumbed with grief); she arose, and reconnôitred the disturber of her repose through the window. A young woman, whom she soon recognized to be Betsy Norman, stood at the gate, which one of the servants (who by this time had arisen), now opened, and

admitted the damsel into the house. Presently the servant knocked at his mistress' chamber-door, informing her that "Betsy Norman came from his master, and wished to see her without delay." The good woman bustled about with great alacrity, and in a short time descended to the kitchen, where she found the female envoy, awaiting her appearance. After the customary interchange of civilities, Mrs. Green pressed Betsy to make her acquainted with the occasion of her visit.

"Have ye seen my good man?" said she.

"I have," replied the young woman: "he was last neet at our cottage, and Jonathan Snell had him i' keeping."

"Well, and what said they?" enquired Mrs. Green.

"Why, yer husband," answered Betsy, "said as how Jonathan Snell had ta'en him prisoner, and wadna let him free under a hundred marks."

"A hundred marks!" cried her au-

ditor. "We shall be ruined clean and clear. Well, go on."

"Well, Mayster Steward then said," pursued the girl, "as how he had beg'd Jonathan to ca' at our cottage, and send fayther to you wi' th' news; but fayther was laid up wi' a hurt i' th' hip, and could na stir a peg. Mayster Green then pray'd me to come wi' morning-light to Castle Town, and let ye know."

"Thank ye, Betsy," said Mrs. Green, sobbing; "we shall ever be i' yer debt— and then they left yer fayther?"

"Ay," replied the damsel, "and clomb this end o' th' East Moor towards Woodlands."

"But left they no direction," said the steward's wife, "how to send th' ransom? They wadna have it wi' a troop o' horse, I trow; and they canna well be trusted."

"I dunna well know," replied the girl, "how they'll manage that; but here's a letter to ye from the good man, and it'll ma'be let ye into the secret."

She took two letters from her pocket, one of which she delivered to the dame.

"Who's t'other for?" said Mrs. Green, whose curiosity was at all times eminent.

"For the Lord Baron," replied Betsy, "and I maun be sure deliver it into the hands o' the serjeant Picard."

"Ah! ye're a fause hussy," said the dame, laughing; "Mounseer Picard wears yer ribbon, I see well. But let's see what Mark says for himsel. Sit ye down, woman. Here, Margery, we'll ha' the breakfast e'en now; Betsy'll be wanting it after her walk."

The dame sat down on one side the fire (which had been raked or kept up all night, and was now gloriously cheerful), and Betsy Norman on the other; and whilst the maid was engaged in preparing for the morning meal, her mistress, with some difficulty, spelt out the following letter:

"To my very dear and very loving
"wife Alithea Green, these—

"I have the very great misfortune to

"inform you that the Puritans have made
"a caption of me, and unless I come
"forthwith to an accommodation, I am in
"a fair way of being committed to prison.
"The enemy, who have me in custody,
"value my detention at one hundred
"marks, which is a most extortionate and
"facinorous computation; but as I am
"in their power, and can have no writ
"*de homine replegiando*, in consequence
"of the troubles of the times, it becometh
"me to pay the composition, and make
"an end of the affair. Should times of
"peace return, I shall have an action of
"*falsum imprisonamentum* against Mr. Jo-
"nathan Snell, or I may prefer my indict-
"ment for a felonious highway robbery
"against him, the whether I think meet.
"I am enabled to write you these parti-
"culars under Snell's nose, as the Puritan
"knoweth not to read. So having no
"more at present, I rest your loving and
"unfortunate husband.

"MARK GREEN."

"—— April, 1644.—Haste."

"But he dunna say," cried Mrs. Green, "how we must send the money."

"I warrant ye," replied Betsy, "it's a' set down i' this other letter. We shall know when the Baron has seen it."

Dame Green ordered a servant to go over to the quarters of serjeant Picard, and invite him to breakfast in his mistress's name.

"We'll get him awake the Baron summat earlier," said Mrs. Green. "The serjeant's a fast friend i' fou' fortin, and that's more than can be said o' most Frenchmen, I've heard."

"It's more than our Englishmen can say o' themsels i' the general," replied Betsy, much pleased with Dame Green's encomium on her gallant.

In a few minutes the subaltern made his appearance, and was not only rejoiced at sight of the good cheer spread upon the table, but much more so on finding that his mistress would be his companion.

"Le bon jour, Madame; le bon jour,

Mademoiselle," said the Frenchman, bowing with great etiquette. He advanced to the damsel, and squeezed her hand with the true air of antique sentimental gallantry; but his natural gaieté de cœur speedily overcame his studied mood, and he began to chatter in his usual scarce intelligible gibberish.

"Ah, Mademoiselle Betsy! vat grand occasion has you roused de votre lit, si de bonne heure? Is it for to come and me see?"

"To see you!" cried Mrs. Green, "no, i' faith. I trow she wad ha' stucken to th' pillow, had she no weightier job than that."

"La promenade has made her to look aussi fraiche que la rose."

"As fresh as the rose!" replied his mistress. "Ye hang yer head, and looken as white as a winter snow-drop."

"And well he may, poor fellow," cried Mrs. Green, "for he was riding hard until morning i' search o' the mayster."

"And ye see I found him first," said Betsy, "who didna look for him."

"Vous? Vere?" cried Picard. "Vere is he? I will order out ma compagnie dans un moment, and ve vill bring him back vivant ou mort."

"Dunna be in a hurry, Mounseer," said Mrs. Green. "Here is a letter for the Baron."

"From whom is it come?" cried Picard.

"From the Steward himsel," replied Betsy. "I seed him write it wi' my own eyes."

"Vere vas dat?" enquired the serjeant.

"What wad ye gie to know?" said the damsel, archly.

"I will give you a kiss, avec tout mon cœur," cried the Frenchman.

"Bless us! how kind ye be," answered Betsy, laughing. "It mought be a great favour to be slaver'd ower by a trooper."

"By un gentilhomme, un chevalier," said Picard, with true French vanity.

"Come, come," said the dame, "while ye're talking and jibing, th' breakfast's going cold. Set to, Mounseer Picard Come, wench, lay to, thou'rt hunger-bitten, I'm sartain sure."

The country people of this time had not arrived at the modern luxuries of chocolate, coffee, or tea; but were content to sit down with articles of less relish, but infinitely better substance. The breakfast-table of the steward's wife contained, in the midst, a huge dish of frumimety, or flour boiled up with milk, which was eaten with common bread, or more generally with a kind of sour cake called jannock; several pots of milk and butter, together with cheese, ham, eggs, and cold fowl (wild and tame), garnished the sides of the capacious board; and at either end were jars of ale (home-brewed) for those who preferred strong drink to the *potatio lactis*.

Mrs. Green pressed her guests with

great vivacity. "Come, Mounseer," said she, "help yersel to a slice o' ham: it's na Darbyshire; ye'll na find the like o' that this side o' th' hills: it's as good Westmoreland as ye'd meet wi' atween this and Scotland."

"Tres bon en verité," cried Picard, devouring a plateful in a trice. "I vill come again, Madame, and avec un morceau de votre poulette, I shall do tres bien."

Upon this, he took the greater part of a cold roasted fowl upon his plate, whence it never removed but into the recesses of the Frenchman's stomach.

"Ye dunna drink wi' yer meat," said Dame Green; "ye make it na better than a horse feast."

"Une fête des chevaux! tres bon," cried Picard, grinning, and just withdrawing, for a moment, a leg of a fowl (which he was picking) from his mouth. However, he attended to the advice of his hostess, and drank copiously in honour of her recommendation. He had no

sooner satisfied himself with ham and fowl, than he helped himself to some half dozen eggs, which disappeared, *seriatim*, in less time than it would have taken most men to crack and open them.

"Winna ye taste th' frummety?" said Dame Green; "ye dunna know th' good on't, without ye try it."

"Pardonnez moi," replied Picard, "I have made a breakfas' ver hearty."

"I thinken ye hanna done amiss," said Betsy smiling; "ye'll na famish o' this side the morrow morn beleddy."

"It is ver necessaire, Mademoiselle Betsy, pour un soldat to provide himself, contre a sudden order."

"Oh, that's your cue, bin it?" replied the damsel; "an a' the troopers wur to follow yer practice, we should soon ha' a famine i' th' land. But come, wun ye tak' this letter to yer master?"

"Mon maitre?" said Picard.

"To the Lord Baron," cried the damsel.

"Oui, dans un moment de temps," replied Picard; "mais à present, il est—"

"Talk English, ye goose," said his mistress; "we binna French madams, who understand yer foreign jabber."

"Pardonnez moi," answered the serjeant; "I did mean to say, dat Monseigneur le Baron is, à present, endormi; dat is vhat you call asleep."

"Well, ye can waken him," said his mistress: "Lord Falconridge winna snap yer head off on a matter a'most o' life and death."

"I vill do mon possible," said Picard, taking the letter, and looking with the eye of a connoisseur at the superscription.

"Can ye read it?" said Betsy Norman.

"Ah! ah!" replied Picard, "ver good; can I read it? tres bon, tres bon."

"Well, read it for us," pursued the damsel, who seemed resolved to punish the vanity of her admirer.

"Read it, en verité, it is grande matter to read de writing."

"Well, mon," said Betsy, "it's yersel that ma'es it a grand matter; we thinken little of it. Why dunna ye read it,

i'stead o' standing shilly shally o' thisence."

Picard could no longer, with a good grace, refuse; but trusting to his assurance, and his supposition of their ignorance being equal to his own, he boldly pretended to read.

"Vy, if you must know den, il est pour Monseigneur—"

"Speak English, or we shanna understand," said the damsel.

"Dis letter is direct to my Lord de Baron of Falconridge."

"Where is Baron?" said Betsy.

"Ici, here," replied the serjeant, holding the letter at a considerable distance: "il est in de long writing."

"Ye may venter it nearer," said his mistress; "I'm na going to eat it."

"Eat it? ah, ah, ver vell; but don't you see now, mademoiselle, Monseigneur le Baron is here written."

"Na, I canna say I do," answered Betsy; "but Dame 'll know better than either on us, I trow. Here, Dame, you read it."

Mrs. Green took the letter, and without extraordinary trouble, being accustomed to her husband's hand-writing, read, "To the right honourable Maurice Sydenham, Baron Falconridge, of Banner Cross.—These in haste."

"Well, mounseer," said Betsy, "what han ye to say for yer scholarship now?"

"Vat have I to say?" replied the serjeant; "vy I have to say, dat de vords of Madame Green are de same, mot pour mot, vich I did use myself."

"Eh! dun ye hear the ligging sinner?" exclaimed his mistress, astonished at this assertion: "why ye fause varlet, did ye na say that it wur directed to my Lord the Baron; and dunna ye hear, there's na Lord i' it? Ye maun ha' the face o' a highwayman's horse to brazen out such a bleezer as that."

"I did say," answered Picard slowly and steadily, "dat dis letter vas direct to my Lord le Baron Falconridge; et je fus, I was going to say, vat is written more ici; mais cependant, but in de mean

time, you did take de lettre out of my hand."

"Ay, marry, when ye could na tell what was upo' it," cried Betsy, "but nat afore."

"Ah mais, I put my case dans les mains, dat is, in de hands of Madame ici, and in her grande raison et connoissance, I shall have de trust and confidence most parfait."

Picard accompanied this reference of his scholastic ability to the arbitrament of Mrs. Green, with a bow so humble, and a smile at once so engaging and so respectful, that his manner shot point-blank to her heart; and she confessed, that the serjeant's meaning, although not quite intelligible from his broken English, was very much in accordance with her own explanation.

"Oui, oui, madame," cried Picard; "you are in de right. It is de default of my Englis, and not de ma connoissance of de writing, vich I understand tres bien."

"Well, after a'," said Betsy, "it's nat o' much matter, whether ye can read or nat; mony a honester mon than ye, han hanged for lack o' clerkship. But an ye mean to go wi' th' letter, let's see yer back turned."

"Oh! oui," answered Picard, "I vill go instamment, and I vill be back again before you can say il ešt allé."

He then left the kitchen, singing an old French romance, and proceeded to the apartments of Lord Falconridge.

Upon arriving at the Baron's antichamber, Picard gently touched a hand-bell, which stood upon the table, the meek expostulation of which, failed to elicit any response from the interior room: he again with greater violence gave the campanulary signal; but the Baron's *facultas audiendi* was too deeply overshadowed by the drowsy god, to suffer any disturbance from so weak an alarm. Not daunted however by the bad success of his first and second attempts, the serjeant advanced to the door of the inner

chamber, and commenced a change of ringing upon the bell, with the air and dexterity of a practised town crier. For a short period, this stratagem promised no better effects than the former; but at length Lady Falconridge (awoke by the sound) roused the Baron.

Lord Falconridge then demanded, who was there? upon which Picard, apologizing for disturbing him, said a person had arrived from the steward, with a letter to his Lordship.

"Wait ye," said the Baron, "I'll be with ye instantly."

In a few minutes, Lord Falconridge made his appearance, wrapped in a silken roquelaure, a night-cap of scarlet velvet, and Spanish slippers.

"Good morning, serjeant," said the Baron.

"Le bon jour, monseigneur," replied Picard, presenting the letter with a low obeisance.

"Ah! let's see; what have we here?" said Lord Falconridge.

He glanced upon the superscription, and then opened the letter, which ran as follows:

" To my very noble and worthy pa-
" tron, humbly sheweth,

" That I, being this evening on your
" Lordship's legal business, the which I
" was transacting in such sort as is law-
" ful throughout the realm, was, to my
" great injury and bodily fear, set upon,
" attacked, threatened, and imprisoned
" by armed force; and that I am, at this
" present writing, in vile and illegal dur-
" ance; and in the custody, keeping, and
" authority of the rebel and incendiary
" Jonathan Snell; who, being moved by
" his wicked and malicious disposition,
" detaineth me, and my brown horse,
" until there be paid and disbursed unto
" him, the sum of one hundred marks.
" The said Snell further saith, that he
" will be content (on receiving the safe
" conduct of your honourable Lordship,
" and an assurance that the money shall

"be paid) to have me and my said brown
"horse at the garrison at noon-tide on
"the morrow; and that your gracious
"Lordship will be pleased to grant this
"his request, is the now prayer of your
"ever faithful, obliged, and devoted ser-
"vant to command,

MARK GREEN."

"—— April, 1644 — Haste."

"Who is the messenger?" said the Baron.

"Une jeune pucelle, monseigneur, la fille de Monsieur Norman."

"Old Norman of the Dale?"

"Oui, monseigneur, le même."

"Doth she wait my answer?"

"Oui, monseigneur."

The Baron sat down to his escrutoire, and wrote the following billet:

"The Baron Falconridge doth hereby
"undertake, upon his sacred word of ho-
"nour, as a soldier and gentleman, to ad-
"mit and allow the egress and regress of

"such person as the enemy shall fix upon,
" to convey Master Mark Green, the
" Baron's steward, to the Castle Town;
" and the Baron Falconridge doth fur-
" ther promise to pay such ransom as
" shall be agreed upon, or suffer the ene-
" my to reconvey and retain their pri-
" soner.

(Signed) FALCONRIDGE."

" —— April 1644."

With this scroll, the serjeant returned to the kitchen, where the females were awaiting his return with true feminine impatience. Having delivered his charge to Betsy Norman, the damsel, at the instigation of the steward's wife, immediately set out on her return home, and was accompanied by the Frenchman to the barrier, beyond which it was against the rules of the garrison for any soldier to pass. As they advanced they perceived Sidebotham, and half a dozen more of the troopers, gathered in a groupe near the rampart; and the corporal, when he saw

Picard and his mistress, left his companions, and came laughing to meet them.

"Good morning, mounseer," cried Sidebotham. "Hollo, Bessy! are ye still o' the land of coquettes?"

"Dunna ye see? ye blinkin' haggard," replied the damsel.

"I thought," said the corporal, "your jesses had been cut long ago. Somebody said ye sicken'd and died for the loss o' Ralph Jellott; but ye gi' em the lie wi' a red cheek."

"Times maun change," answered Betsy, "before I die for Ralph or you either."

"Oh! I see," said Sidebotham, "ye'll not take up wi' a simple corporal. Ye must have a laced doublet."

"I should loathe to take ye," replied the girl, "i' a gowden robe, for a' yer swagger and impudence."

"I'm much troubled at that," cried Sidebotham, laughing; "but I fear I shall not die heart-broken. Ye may change yer

mind; ye'll not find such likely lads as I am, every day i' the week."

"Ye're a handsome fellow, beleddy," said Betsy, "wi' yer carcase as long and skinny as a maying pow, and yer face the length o' an ornary horse's. Yer eye's th' best member ye have, and it's as fierce as a starven hawk's. Ye walken commonly as if ye were drucken, wi' a rowl and splash, to make folk think ye're foreign-bred; but I tell ye, Harry, ye've too much o' the Darby trot; ye walk'd the hills too long to be mista'en for a Frenchman."

"For a Frenchman?" cried Sidebotham; "I wou'd sooner be mista'en for the devil himself."

"And for vy?" enquired Picard, very gravely.

The reply to this interrogatory was very happily interrupted by the arrival of Major Gualter, who dispersed the men on different commissions; and Betsy, having bid good-bye to her gallant, repassed the barrier.

The Baron, on seeing Colonel Sydenham and Major Gualter that morning, informed them of the message from Green, and his reply; and it was consulted whether or not they should admit the escort of the steward into the town. At length, being fearful that a refusal might be construed into a confession of weakness on their part, which dare not abide the scrutiny of an enemy, they resolved to allow the admission. The clock had scarce struck twelve, when the steward and an armed man, both mounted, were discovered advancing to the barrier. The gate was thrown open, and they rode into the town: they were met by Picard at the market cross, and conducted by him to the officer's quarters or guard-room at the inn. Here were assembled the Baron, Colonel Sydenham, Major Gualter, the Doctor, and the steward's wife, with most of the subalterns, and a guard of troopers. Lord Falçonridge was seated at a table; but the others stood, or walked

about the room. On the steward's entrance, his wife, without ceremony, sprung upon his neck, and piteously bewailed his captivity; but her tones, instead of melting the hearts of the spectators, moved them to laughter. When Mark had released himself from his wife's embrace, he advanced obsequiously to the Baron, and said, that in pursuance of his gracious undertaking, the Puritan Snell had brought him thither, for the purpose of debating the ransom.

"If ye keep not his Lordship's accounts with a truer hand," said Snell, "than ye tell my coming with your tongue, ye're not much fitted for the stewardship."

This free remark, which was made by the mountaineer with as much assurance and *sang froid* as if he had been at the head of his company, greatly enraged the by-standers. The steward himself dare not reply, for he was not yet free; but his wife, not understanding this nicety

(for she thought when he was once in her presence he was safe from danger), gave a loose to invective.

"Out upo' ye," she cried, "ye fause puritanical whelp. An ye were as true and loyal as the mayster, yer Lord and Sovereign wad na now see his castle a mass o' ruin, and need a hovel for his shelter."

"I came not here to talk with women," said Snell proudly; "my time is precious."

Sydenham, at this insolent speech, could scarce repress his rising passion; but the consideration of his father's honour overcame his wrath, and he spoke quietly to the mountaineer.

"It is necessary, Sir," said the Colonel, "that we should know under what commission you act, before we pay ransom for the steward's capture."

Snell turned towards the speaker, with a kind of expression on his features, which told that he was surprised to hear terms so mild and gentlemanly used to one who deserved them so ill.

"My commission is here," said Snell, presenting it to Sydenham; "I bear that of Captain in the army of the Parliament."

The Colonel handed it to the Baron, who perused and returned it. Sydenham restored it to the Puritan.

"And what ransom do you demand?" said Lord Falconridge.

"One hundred marks," replied Snell.

"One hundred marks!" said the Colonel. "At Wibberley, a few days back, one of my officers ransomed a preacher for fifty, and surely you hold him not in cheaper estimation than a steward?"

"I part with him not at less," answered Snell. "He is mine to hang, and mine to drown; mine to carry, and mine to bear; he shall work like a beast of burthen, and die lie a dog, if we part now without agreement."

"Will ye suffer this, my Lord?" cried Dame Green. "This upstart 's yer own born and native vassal: and more; he it was that fired yer castle, and murther'd

the Major. Will ye suffer it, sodgers? This is the man, that stole upon the bed o' yer officer, and like a midnight murtherer, did him to death by fou' treachery."

At these words, a murmur rose among the soldiery, and Snell laid his hand upon his sword; but Sydenham commanded silence.

"This man is here," said he, "on my father's bidding. He who lifts hand against him, lifts it against me: recollect yourselves, comrades."

This sober warning immediately restored order. The Baron then proceeded to state, that as the steward had not manifested any token of a warlike disposition, it was scarcely reasonable to count him subject to the chances of war; but to this argument Snell objected the capture of Windyman.

"Windyman was a known incendiary," said the Colonel, "and did more harm with his tongue than most men do with their weapons; but nevertheless we are

willing to allow a sum for the steward's ransom equalling that paid for the preacher."

"I have said it," answered the obstinate Puritan, "and my word's my law. One hundred marks are the price of this man's redemption; if ye refuse, he must ride with me. Decide speedily, for my hour's run."

Sydenham was again nettled at this peremptory and haughty behaviour of the Puritan: he bridled his choler pretty well; but could not refrain from saying, "He who rides at speed, friend, sometimes breaks his neck. Draw your rein, and you'll not attain the end of your journey a whit the later."

This advice shot fire to the heart of Snell, whose rage and hatred of the Colonel were much increased by the superiority, which he was fain to observe, birth and education gave the Cavalier over him. This however, he knew, was neither the time nor the place to exhibit his malice; but consoling himself with the hope of a future revenge, he in some

measure calmed the perturbation of his soul.

Upon a signal to the Doctor, he advanced to the table, and drawing a bag from beneath his cassock, he counted out the sum of one hundred marks.

" There is your money," said the Baron; " the prisoner's free."

Upon this declaration, Mark and his wife began a volley of thanks, and protestations of eternal gratitude to the Baron for his princely bounty; but he cut them short, by saying he had business, and desired them now to withdraw.

Snell, in the meantime, without counting the money, put it up, and prepared to depart. He was drawing on his gauntlets, and commencing a speech to the Baron, when Sydenham taking him by the arm, pointed to the door. Then addressing Picard, he said calmly,—" Conduct him to the barrier."

The Colonel turned on his heel, leaving Snell overwhelmed with shame and indignation; but before he had time to reco-

ver from his passion, and regain his speech, Picard and the guard of troopers forced him out of the room. They conducted him to the barrier, where he found his horse: he sprung upon the animal's back, and with heavy curses rode out of the town.

CHAP. IV.

> Ere the ruddy sun shall set,
> Pikes shall shiver, jav'lins sing;
> Blade with clattering buckler meet,
> Hauberk crash, and helmet ring.
>
> GRAY.

Colonel Sydenham had now been at the Castle Town more than a month; and although he seemed happy in the company of his friends, yet he secretly repined at his long relaxation from service, and awaited impatiently the orders of his Commander in Chief. At length, about the latter end of June, he received a dispatch from the Marquis of Newcastle (to whose division his forces were attached), desiring he would immediately concentrate them, and direct his course towards the city of York, which was at this time besieged by the parliamentary army under the Earl of Manchester, assisted by the Generals Fairfax and Crom-

well. An express was presently sent by Sydenham to Armstrong at Wibberley, with orders that the several corps there stationed should join him at the Castle Town, a sufficient garrison for the fortress being first deducted; and in a few days the three small regiments of horse, foot, and artillery, arrived at the Colonel's quarters. Sydenham did not suffer them to rest; but having taken a hasty leave of his friends, and recommended them in a warm speech to the garrison soldiers, he again mounted his grey charger Ironsides, and pushed forward by forced marches towards York.

On the evening of the ever-memorable first of July, Colonel Sydenham had arrived within a few hours' march of the city, when he was met by a body of Prince Rupert's horse, flying from the field of Marston. After many enquiries, he at length gathered, from the hurried accounts of the vanquished Cavaliers, that the Prince (contrary to the advice of his colleague, and most of his officers) had

hazarded a battle on Marston Moor, in which the royal army was completely worsted; that Cromwell and his horse were in full cry after the routed troops; and that the two Generals, Rupert and Newcastle, had left their commands, and fled no one knew whither. This information was a heavy blow to the hopes of Sydenham, which were identified with the King's success; but, as the defeat was now irretrievable, he set himself, with the discipline of a good soldier, to lessen that evil which he could not perfectly overcome. Being the officer in highest rank among those whom he had met with, he collected the fugitives into a body, his own division acting as a point of concentration; and explained to the other officers how much more safe they would be by a regular retreat with aggregate forces, than by a shameful flight in separate and disorderly herds. Of this truth (so soon as the panic they had been seized with allowed their reason to operate) the Cavaliers became perfectly sensible; and by

their endeavours, in the course of the night (during which Sydenham kept a slow and steady march on his return), the fugitives rallied round his standard, to the number of several thousands. The first watch of morning found the vanquished army restored, by its combination, to its courage; and the very men who the last night fled for life, without a thought of opposition, now vowed deep and deadly revenge for the defeat they had sustained. So far were they from fearing the enemy, that they would willingly have retraced their steps, and again have tempted fortune in a sanguinary rencontre. But Sydenham well knew this was the mere fever of disappointed ferocity, a temper far different from the steady fortitude of indomitable courage. He nevertheless kept up their spirits, and promised them a speedy and effectual retribution. The common soldiers, and even the officers of the several troops now under the command of Sydenham, were well enough content to serve under him; for the

former remembering his gallant exploits, had contracted a notion that he was invincible; and the latter, knowing his good fortune, and the extent of his military knowledge, thought themselves fortunate in having, in so awkward a dilemma, chanced upon an officer esteemed one of the best in the royal army. It was happy that the Cavaliers placed such confidence in the capacity of our hero; for it could scarcely be expected that the real courage of the soldiers (setting aside their mouthing flourishes), would have been able to have withstood the proof they were doomed to experience.

The morning was pretty well advanced, and the troops, excepting the rear, had just emerged from a defile into plain and open ground, when the rear-guard was attacked by a party of the enemy's horse, It was evident they expected no resistance, for they charged *pêle mêle*, as if upon unarmed and routed fugitives, not being able to discern the number of the Cavaliers, owing to a turn in the defile, which

hid the main body from their view. But the rear-guard, which consisted of Colonel Sydenham's own regiment of horse, wheeled round upon the enemy, and in their turn charged with such effect, that the Round-heads fled with considerable precipitation. The rear, shortly after, marched into the plain; and Sydenham strengthened their guard with a few regiments of the most resolute and best equipped troopers. The common, or moor, upon which they now marched, was about two miles over, and they had scarcely gone the half of it, when Sydenham discerned a body of the enemy's cavalry advancing from the defile, which he conjectured might amount to at least five thousand men. At this sight, which certainly did not give a fillip to the courage of the Cavaliers, the Colonel made the necessary dispositions for repelling an attack, should the enemy think fit to venture such a proceeding, and it was not long before he found that they intended no less. He therefore gave the word to

face about, drew his small body of foot and artillery into the centre, and formed wings, on each side, of cavalry. He then addressed himself to the assembled troops: —"Gentlemen and Cavaliers, my comrades in arms: I know not how, if we be this day beaten, we can ever again behold the faces of our wives and mistresses; how we can ever pretend, if we suffer ourselves to be here vanquished, to again assume the character and bearing of soldiers. We here far exceed the enemy in number, and, trust me, I believe we do also in courage. I talk not of our cause, though for its justice it may well be counted on; but I speak of our honour, our glory, our fame, as Cavaliers. Shall that name, which has been our boast, and the terror of the enemy, quail to a Roundhead? Shall the royal standard, which has floated over the fields of Keniton, of Roundway, and of Newbury, here be disgraced and dust-trodden? I cannot believe it. Stand fast, comrades. Cavaliers, look to your honour. The enemy owe

your a revenge: let it be such an one as will redeem your fame. I ask you but to stand by me: put forth the valour, which you have always exerted when I have fought with ye, and the day's our own. Let the word be Saint George, for Charles and victory."

This harangue greatly raised the courage of the soldiers, who now surveyed the advance of the enemy with undaunted and even greedy eyes. The Roundheads came down the moor at a hand gallop in files, to avoid the shot which was poured upon them from the Colonel's small but well-served park of fieldpieces. Sydenham, who sat on horseback near the artillery, with several other officers, encouraged the gunners.

"Keep it up, my boys," he cried to the artillery-men; "don't spare them, for fear nor favour."

"Ah! that's smart," said an old officer: "It riddles their jackets. They're disordered: ye may see they break their files. A smart charge now."

"Hold fast," cried Sydenham, "we've a good game: they cannot pass that heap of dead, and they file away round it. Fire away, my boys; your work's half done."

He galloped to the right wing, which was hotly attacked by the Round-heads. His presence was indeed needful to sustain the onset; for the enemy, consisting of Cromwell's own regiment of horse, commanded by the fanatic Harrison, came on like devils, or men possessed of some charm which rendered them invulnerable. In a few minutes the first file of the Cavaliers was annihilated; but the remainder of the wing (part of which was Sydenham's own regiment) fought as they were wont, with resolution and desperate courage. Sydenham for some time acted the part of a prudent and cautious general, superintending the battle, without hazarding his own person in the throng of the fight; but this sort of soldiership did not well tally with his youthful ardour. At every shout, and every charge, he was eager to spur Iron-

sides into the *mêlèe;* and it was the wish to see his soldiers conquer without extraordinary assistance, that could alone restrain him. He however provided for disaster, by drawing up a body of horse in reserve, with which he resolved, in case of an unfortunate termination of the contest on the right wing, to redeem the action or perish. In a short time, Sydenham perceived it was the intention of the enemy to beat him in detail, by mastering his divisions, without an attack upon the main body; but, in order to avoid this manœuvre, he resolved to bring his whole battalion into action. To this end he made a new disposition of his troops, placing his artillery and musqueteers in such a situation, that they could annoy the enemy, without endangering their own party; these he flanked, as before, with several squadrons of horse; and with such troopers as could be spared from the wings, he formed a new corps de reserve.

Foiled in their stratagem, the enemy

fell upon the right wing with redoubled force; and at length, by their impetuosity and enthusiasm, caused it for a moment to waver: the moment was a critical one; but Sydenham putting himself at the head of the reserve, they cried out, "Sydenham for ever," and charged the conquering Round-heads. The shock was horrible: the enthusiasts of Cromwell, matched with the Cavaliers of Sydenham, found (what they had hitherto sought in vain) their rivals in deeds of desperate daring; and, on the other hand, the troopers of Sydenham's regiment acknowledged, that their opponents were the heaviest-handed men they had ever met with. This was the crisis of the action; but the scales of fate hung not long evenly poised: the Cavaliers recovering their spirits, with the Colonel's accession to their strength, now made clean work of it, and rode down their antagonists horse and man. The parliamentary Colonel Harrison seeing his troops defeated, raged like a hunted boar; and though all

hope of success had utterly left him, he still continued the combat with desperate resolution. At this moment a Roundhead trooper, who had been dismounted, clapped his pistol to the ear of Colonel Sydenham's horse, and shot the noble animal dead. This act of ferocity bereft Sydenham of all humanity, and as his horse fell, he clove the ruffian through head and shoulders with his broad sword. He was himself, however, in a perilous situation; for he was not only liable to the cuts and thrusts of the combatants, but also to be ridden over. At this juncture, he was distinguished by his corporal Sidebotham, who making his way to the spot, sprang from his horse, and begged his Colonel to mount him. But this expedient Sydenham absolutely refused, and commanded Sidebotham to regain his saddle.

"If I do, I'll be d—d," cried the gallant soldier, "while yer honour's afoot; and so, if yer honour will not mount, I'll fling the rein to the devil."

Sydenham still refused, and still ordered the Corporal, on his obedience, to remount; but Sidebotham released his bridle-rein, and the horse made his way through the field. They were now reduced to defend themselves with their broad swords, Sidebotham continually exposing his own life for the safety of the Colonel's, until at length the Round-heads, unable to maintain a longer struggle, sounded a retreat. Sidebotham, when the throng had in some measure abated, seized two stray horses (whose riders had bit the dust), upon which he mounted the Colonel and himself. Sydenham then rode slowly back to the foot, and ordered the recall to be sounded. The horse immediately returned from the pursuit, in which they had cut up the flying enemy, with all the revenge their late defeat inspired. Upon consultation, it was resolved to pitch their camp on the field for the rest of the day, in order that they might bury their dead, and rest themselves after the fatigues of the fight. The

obsequies of the slain were speedily performed, but not before the bodies had been completely stripped and rummaged. In the pockets of the Cavaliers were found chiefly love-tokens, ballads, or flasks of brandy; whilst those of their enemies contained small bibles, or political tracts; the which circumstances, though minute in themselves, yet do eminently illustrate the different casts of disposition in the contending parties. As it usually happens, the slain of the aggressors far exceeded those of the attacked, although the Cavaliers had suffered severely. In Sydenham's own regiment, which had indeed sustained the brunt of the action, two-thirds of the officers were killed, and most of the subalterns; and several of the other horse regiments had been handled with equal severity. The fortune of war made room for many promotions, and, among the rest, Sydenham conferred upon his corporal Sidebotham, as a reward for his singular fidelity and courage, a lieutenancy in his own regiment.

At sun-set the Cavaliers struck their camp, and proceeded by slow marches on the same route which Colonel Sydenham had traced in his advance. In a few days they came in sight of the Derby hills, and Sydenham sent Sidebotham to Banner Cross, with notice of their approach, in order that refreshments might be arranged for the troops, as they marched beneath the town. It was so fixed, by the management of the Baron, that as one regiment refreshed itself, another, which had preceded it, left the town as a vanguard, and a third stood to their arms at the south rampart, having the rest of the army in their rear. The last regiment, (which was Sydenham's own,) as they sat at a long table, constructed of boards for this temporary purpose, was surrounded by their relatives and friends. The whole population of the barony (except those who were disaffected to the royal party), had assembled at the Castle Town, so soon as the approach of the army was known: many parents came to see their

children, many wives their husbands, and many young children their fathers; but the scene of joy and anxious expectation was soon clouded with sorrow and lamentation. A father sought for his son, but his eye met him not; he questioned a trooper of his absence: the soldier to whom he spoke gave no answer; but by a sorrowful shake of the head, told of his comrade's death with dismal certainty. The old man lifted up his hands to heaven, and groaning deeply, took his way homeward. Here there was a mother bewailing the loss of her only support; there a wife killed by the same blow which had slain her newly-betrothed husband. Children shrieked at the outcries of their mothers, and joined in that scene of distress, of the cause of which they were happily unconscious. At length, unable to sustain the joy which brightened in the countenances of those who retained their treasure, the unfortunates departed. The Castle Town was now a scene of pleasure; the relations of the surviving

troopers beheld their friends covered with glory; and little reflecting, that the chance which was their neighbour's today might be their own to-morrow, they revelled in the certainty of their present enjoyment. After all that philosophers have said and written of moderation in prosperity, and of having an eye to a future day, it is not to be doubted, that the maxim "live whilst you can, be happy whilst you may," is one of singular and felicitous aptitude to the passions and feelings of man as he is—we might also say, as he was; for Horace, who doubtless understood human nature as well as any moralist or philosopher on earth, has a verse in the same style:

> "Lætus in præsens animus, quod ultra est
> Oderit curare; et amara læto
> Temperet risu. Nihil est ab omni
> Parte beatum."

The French are, at this day, less given to thinking of futurity, or to calculating beyond the moment's enjoyment, than any other nation in Europe; and yet,

who can say that those people enjoy less sterling happiness, or are more subject to changes from joy to sorrow, from happiness to misery, than their neighbours? On the contrary, it is probable that this buoyancy of spirit, this greediness of seizing the passing transport, do, in fact, form that very principle of happiness which other nations lose by their dread of future infelicity, and their apprehension of falling from the pinnacle of actual enjoyment, into the abyss of misfortune and calamity. But a truce to moralizing. At the head of the board sat the Colonel, presiding over his soldiers like a good *pater familias* over a long line of children and grand-children. At his right hand was Lieutenant Sidebotham, who had exchanged his common back and breast armour for a handsome cuirass, and his close head-piece for an ornamented morion; his other arms had undergone a like metamorphosis; and the heretofore rough and swaggering corporal now appeared a gallant and dashing

officer. But whatever change there was in the outward man, Sidebotham was still himself at bottom; and so little careful was he of his new dignity, that he often caught himself laughing and joking with his old companions in the *quondam* subaltern style. His father, an old man of seventy years, sat at his side, and listened with the attention of paternal affection to the humour of his darling son. Of the other officers, each sat at the head of his troop, and the whole were environed by the country people.

Sydenham, when he had paid due attention to the wants of his guests, withdrew to the steward's house, and there held a long and serious conference with his father, respecting the future disposition of Lady Falconridge. The Colonel laid before Lord Falconridge the present unhappy state of affairs in the north, the late defeat of the Royalists at Marston Moor, which (if York fell, and such an event might be expected, as there was no possibility of relieving it a second

time), would place the whole of the north of England in the hands of the Parliamentarians; that it was of course to be believed, the Round-head army would take in all the garrisons in their march southward, in which case it would be a folly to attempt a defence of the Castle Town, the works of which might be destroyed by a few rounds of artillery, and would only subject the inhabitants to the horrors of a sack and pillage, without rendering any service to the royal cause. Lord Falconridge, moved by these considerations, consented to unmask the town, and withdraw the garrison; and it was further agreed, that the Lady Falconridge should immediately set out for Oxford, attended by the Baron and Doctor Grostete, and escorted by the Colonel's regiment of horse. These resolutions were no sooner taken than the Colonel communicated them to his mother, the Doctor, and Major Gualter; the latter of whom was to command the escort. Sydenham then returned to his companions, and in a

short speech explained to them his design; beseeching them, at the same time, to protect his parents with the same care which they had so often and so gallantly evinced in his defence. This they swore to do with drawn swords, and drank dishonour to themselves if they should fail in their duty.

This scene being concluded, Sydenham mounted his horse, and rode out of the town, attended by Sidebotham and his troop; who, having conveyed him to the army, which by this time had nearly reached Chapel on le Frith, returned on the spur to Banner Cross.

We must now, for a short time, quit the Colonel, in order to attend the departure of the Baron and his family from the Castle Town. The ramparts were soon demolished, and the town reduced to its former open and unprotected state, a state at this time more secure than fortifications could render it; for those places which shewed no manifestation of resistance were usually treated as neutral, and

underwent no insult but that of free quarter. The Baron having, with some difficulty, procured a carriage on the third day, his lady, with Doctor Grostete and himself, set out therein for Oxford, guarded by the regiment of horse. The country people congregated from all parts to behold their Lord quit the place of his birth, and the lands of his fathers, with dismal apprehensions that he quitted them for ever. The street of the town was lined with his tenantry, who, as he passed along, with tears and lamentations, bid "God bless him and his house." He returned their greetings, thanking them for their love and affection to his family, which he besought them to preserve for happier times. "I may not live to return among ye," said the good old peer; "but I have a son, who is worthy your regard. The cause of our Sovereign is a little clouded; but the sun of royalty will, believe me, break through the gloom of rebellion; and all those noxious exhalations which now hide the beams of

his majesty, will soon disperse before the splendour of his appearance. Herd not with the rebels—listen not to their traiterous blasphemies — preserve your hearts loyal to your Sovèreign, and faithful to your Lord. These are my dying words, if I never see ye more."

He continued to charge them, and give them advice, until they had passed the Winnets, for so far the populace followed. The cavalcade having then attained the top of the hill, began to move swiftly, and in a short time disappeared from the sight of the sorrowing tenantry.

CHAP. V.

> "Bid Fame be dumb, and tremble to proclaim
> In heathen Gath, or Ascalon, our shame;
> Lest proud Philistia, lest our haughty foe,
> With impious scorn insult our solemn woe."
>
> SOMERVILLE

AGAIN, gentle readers, have we to claim your indulgence; our manuscript, as if tired with the length of the journey, here makes a halt, and does not, for the space of half a dozen years, resume its march. We were, in despair, on the brink of a total abandonment (to use the phraseology of the counting-house), when, by good fortune, we met with some general traditions, which may serve to connect our history.

The Parliamentary forces, under the Earl of Manchester, and Lieutenants-general Fairfax and Cromwell, did, as our manuscript had anticipated (or rather

the Colonel, for it spoke *cum suo ore*), in their march to the south, take in most of the royal garrisons, and more especially those in the north-west. Among the rest, the Castle of Wibberley (which was commanded by Lieutenant Armstrong), after making a gallant defence, was obliged to surrender, and the garrison were made prisoners of war. Colonel Sydenham, (our traditions assert) having conducted the remains of Prince Rupert's army to Chester, there found that General, to whom he surrendered his charge, and immediately afterwards, with the division under his own command, marched towards Oxford, and joined the King. He was present at the several battles of Newbury and Naseby, and continued with his Majesty until the unfortunate Charles took the fatal resolution of joining the Scottish army, of which proceeding both Colonel Sydenham and his father (who had taken up his abode in Oxford since his departure from Banner Cross) testified their unequivocal and un-

concealed disapprobation. That which had been foreseen by men of judgment came to pass; the Scots delivered up their Sovereign into the hands of his enemies; and soon after the whole kingdom was reduced to subjection. Lord Falconridge and his lady, with Doctor Grostete, and a multitude of persons of distinction, ruined for their attachment to the King, passed over to the continent; but Colonel Sydenham still lingered behind, in hope of some counter-revolution, which might yet restore empire to his master, and freedom to his friends. At the time his Majesty was so finely cajoled by Cromwell, and his hypocritical son-in-law Ireton, and allowed by the army to reside at his palace of Hampton Court, Sydenham was his unremitting courtier; and even when an order was issued, prohibiting the access of his friends to the King, the Colonel continued his attendance, until he was threatened with violence. He then returned to London, where he waited, with many other Cava-

liers, some favourable occurrence, which might again call them into action; and indeed much was expected from the dissensions which had already arisen between the sister kingdoms. The Scots began to find, when too late, that their brethren of England only courted their friendship when they needed their assistance; but when once they had obtained possession of the King's person, they kicked down the contemptible convenience which had enabled them to obtain the apex of authority, and refused the deluded Caledonians any share in the disposal of their Sovereign. The Scots testified in vain against their arbitrary and tyrannical proceedings; they, in vain, pointed to the covenant, by which both nations had sworn to maintain and defend the King's person and just authority; they in vain called upon the successful termination of the struggle, as an evidence of their great merit and assistance; "which," said they (and truly) "could never have been expected but through

our co-operation." — But all their arguments were *verba et prœterea nihil* to the English parliament, which, assuming a proud and lofty tone, told the Scottish commissioners that they should dispose of the King in what manner seemed best to themselves, without asking their advice or suffering their interposition. The proposed murder of Charles acted as the sword of Alexander; for it cut the Gordian knot of the covenant, which bound each nation to the other; and the Scots prepared to revenge the breach of their favourite ordinance by force of arms. The consequence of this hasty resolution, was the ill-managed expedition of the Duke of Hamilton, in which Sydenham, with several other gentlemen, played their parts. Our hero, who was a Cavalier of too much loyalty, and too great an affection for his Sovereign, to stickle upon precedence in rank, accepted a command of horse under the celebrated northern officer Sir Marmaduke Langdale, with whom he marched, intending to make a

junction with Hamilton's army. However, the immense gulf, which had separated the Cavaliers and the Presbyterians, (of the latter of which parties the Scottish army was composed,) was not to be closed, when even their existence depended on their unanimity. The Scots refused to co-operate with the Cavaliers, in consequence of which they both fell victims to their sanguinary foe. Cromwell attacked the Cavaliers (who amounted to no more than four thousand), at Preston in Lancashire, with an army of double force; and although the royal party made as gallant a defence as ever the rolls of fame recorded, yet they were physically unable to withstand the veterans of the Parliamentary General, and were entirely routed; Sydenham, and many other officers, escaping only with their lives. Hamilton, and his army of Covenanters, were beaten with much greater ease; and the Duke, after flying from the field, was made prisoner, and suffered

the death of a traitor. Colonel Sydenham, with great difficulty, reached London in the disguise of a common trooper, where he witnessed the catastrophe of that horrible tragedy which has had few parallels in atrocity, either in ancient or modern times. Upon the King's death, our hero (confident that there was now no hope of an immediate return of the nation to its obedience) withdrew to France, and joined his parents at Rouen, where, since their arrival on the Continent, they had fixed their habitation. He had not rested here long, when his active disposition, hostile to ease, induced him to make the tour of Europe, which he had nearly completed, when he was recalled from his pursuit by the young King's journey into Scotland, whither he accompanied the second Charles; but on their arrival in that country, it was found that the Sovereign must expect no assistance, unless he signed the covenant (solemnly renounc-

ing the sins of his father's house, and of his own, and the idolatry of his mother), and dismissed from his presence all those who were obnoxious to the Scottish Parliament; in fact, all the old and tried Cavaliers. Of these, Sydenham stood among the most eminent; but instead of returning to the continent, as many of the Royalists did, disgusted with the Scottish fanaticism, our hero was, with several other Cavaliers of merit, concealed in the houses of the Scottish Royalists.

Thus far is our manuscript deficient, and the desideratum is the more to be deplored, as we not only lose the particulars of our hero's life, which were doubtless extraordinary, but also those of the lives of the Baron, the Doctor, and many other personages before mentioned in this our history; nay, we will not venture on memory to assert, that all our old friends do re-appear; little is it to be expected that the shears of wrathful

Atropos should spare their threads, more than any others in the skein of human existence. The dart of death must at one time or other be launched.

"Et semel emissum volat irrevocabile telum."

CHAP. VI.

"What cursed fiend art thou, whose dev'lish cunning hath gained my secret, and with it my life?"

Old Contention of York and Lancaster.

COLONEL Sydenham, upon his arrival at Edinburgh with his Majesty Charles the Second, of blessed memory, was, with the other Cavaliers attached to the king, dismissed by the Scottish parliament; but Charles, in the expectation that the active scenes which were about to take place would procure his friends admission into the army, quartered the most eminent on those of a like way of thinking in and about the northern capital. Our hero took up his residence with a gentleman named Macgraith, who had been a Captain in Hamilton's army, and had been made prisoner at the battle of Preston. Upon his liberation, he returned to Scotland, and had resided in Edinburgh ever

since. Captain Macgraith, although a thorough royalist, and never engaged against either the late king or the present, was not over-nice in matters of church government. If Archbishop Laud had succeeded in establishing episcopacy in Scotland, the Captain would never have fretted; and on the gathering of Hamilton's army, he had with great *non-chalance* taken the covenant, which was a *sine qua non*. It is no wonder then that this man should be above the reach of suspicion, and that his house should be a secure asylum for the perfect Cavalier or episcopal royalist. The Captain, moreover, was a brave man, drunk or sober; but his drunken courage predominated, having generally "the malt abune the meal;" and whilst you took your glass, and continued to roar out, "Charley over the water," with Captain Macgraith, you were the best man alive. Notwithstanding this propensity, Macgraith was naturally a man of parts; and when he was sober, had a head as clear, and an eye as pene-

trating, as most men. He was wont to say, "Colonel Sydenham, I ruin my ain health by drinkin' ae benediction to the King's. Wad it na be better to carry ae steel basnet 'o yer head the year round, than wear siccan ae bandage as this for ae seven-night?"

It is to be known, that he generally wore a wet napkin bound around his forehead in the morning, to remove, in some measure, the effects of the previous night's debauch. At the house of this bibulous officer Sydenham continued for a considerable time, seldom venturing over the threshold, lest he should be recognized; and when he did abate a little of his prudence, and stole out for observation, the Colonel took the precaution of disguising his person, so that any one, who was not intimately acquainted with his features, could not possibly discover him. In these excursions he was usually accompanied by Macgraith, and at these times Sydenham took care his companion should be sober. They were frequently

met by the presbyterian officers of the army which was then being formed under Leslie; but as our hero affected the puritanical manner in his discourse, which he very naturally imitated, and Macgraith gave him out as his cousin, he eluded detection. At length his boldness attained a pitch so high, that he dared to attend the drill and parades of the soldiers, and even the court of the King; which was made known to his Majesty by the Duke of Buckingham (the only friend of Charles suffered to remain with him), who had penetrated the disguise of our hero. The King was too closely watched, to dare the hazard even of a glance of recognition; but Buckingham, accosting them as mere officers cf the army, told the Colonel the King was delighted with his masquerade; and his astonishment only equalled his pleasure to hear and see him play off against the presbyterians the broad farce of their own puritanical deportment.

The King was not only obliged to con-

form to all the ceremonies of worship commanded by the ministers of the kirk, but he was likewise under the necessity of listening to their sermons, at whatever hours and for whatever length of time those ecclesiastical demagogues chose to impose upon him. He frequently attended the kirk six or eight hours a day, listening, or seeming to listen, to a succession of discourses, in which his own person and those of his parents were aspersed and vilified with every species of reproach, and the souls of all his race were frequently but one remove from being condemned to the lowest pit of hell. The King bore all with most christian resignation; nay, it is thought that he usually laughed in his sleeve at his own profound dissimulation, and took credit to himself for the manner in which he over-reached, or attempted to over-reach, the holy pastors of the kirk. Sydenham and his friend Macgraith often attended the kirk where his Majesty usually heard service; for so vain were the ministers,

that they refused to allow the King his private chapel in the palace of Holy-rood, and insisted upon his worship being open and undisguised. Here our hero sometimes denounced in his impatience the whole ministry; and swore to Macgraith that they were the most villanous set of gaolers that ever watched an unfortunate prisoner. They were one evening coming out of the kirk, when the service had been prolonged until a very late hour, and Sydenham had (as usual) began his old complaint to the Scots Captain, when he received a slight blow on the shoulder, and the person who gave it whispered him in the ear, "Colonel Sydenham!" The Cavalier started back, and laid his hand upon his sword; but the stranger, who was muffled in a horseman's cloak, motioned him to follow, and walked swiftly away. This scene had passed unobserved by Macgraith, who walked on regardless of his companion, musing on the doctrine of *ante* and *post* lapsarianism, which had been the grand theme of the evening's

discussion. Sydenham, who had resolved to follow the mysterious stranger at all hazards, feared his design, were he to communicate it to the Captain, might be obstructed, either by his caution or curiosity; and therefore, without ceremony, quitted him and followed the stranger, leaving Macgraith to account for his defection in what manner he might. The stranger, attended by our hero, passed the kirk-yard, and avoiding the High-street, plunged into a dark and narrow alley: thence, by obscure and bye-ways (rendered still more opake and horrible by the shades of night), he led Sydenham to a remote part of the town. At length he stopped before a large stone house, somewhat removed from the road by the interposition of a small field or grass court. This was surrounded with a high and barricadoed wall, the only entrance to which, a pair of massy gates studded with iron bolts like a prison door, shewed the construction to be more for security than for ornament. The stranger, advancing to

the gate, struck thrice upon a large knocker, and without waiting for answer, said in a low voice, "Hie thee, Wat, ae chiel o' the border."

At these magical words, the gates of the court (like the cavern gates of the forty thieves *) expanded to their entrance; and indeed from the manners of his associate, our hero had formed no great opinion of his honesty. However, he was armed, and had on his person little to lose: his curiosity was roused to the height of excitation, and he was resolved to purchase an elucidation of the mystery, though he should pay somewhat dearly for the gratification. The stranger crossed the court: Sydenham walked after; and the gates resumed their position. An armed man stood in the interior, and nodded familiarly to the conductor of our hero as they passed by. The same

* The words inclosed in the parentheses are an editorial interpolation; but our readers will perceive, by the sequel of the sentence, that they are not impertinent.

words were used at the hall door of the mansion as at the gate, and with the like effect. The door opened, and they advanced into a hall, where, around a huge table, sat about twenty armed and ferocious-looking men. Sydenham now concluded he was betrayed; but as it was too late to retreat (for the hall door was closed upon their entrance), he thought it more prudent to stand upon his guard, than to provoke an attack by an idle outcry, which might hasten his fate, but could not certainly retard it. The stranger paused, as if to give our hero time to consider his situation. The Colonel perceived that the windows of the hall had been entirely made up, so that the light within was not perceptible to those without the house. Around the walls were deposited arms and accoutrements, caparisons for horses, though of a quality very inferior, and habits for every day's wear. There were, moreover, several stillages supporting barrels of liquor, ready broached for immediate draught. The whole

appearance of the place well corresponded with that of its inhabitants; and Sydenham concluded he had been lured to a receptacle of thieves, hordes of whom these times of anarchy had engendered. He had just come to this conclusion, and was busied in calculating how he could be known to any of the fraternity (as his very being there plainly evinced he was), when the stranger walked up to the table and exclaimed loudly, "Kinsmen! ye see my noble Colonel, the gallant Colonel Sydenham!"

He threw off his cloak, and presented to the sight of our hero, not a fierce bandit, but our old friend Lieutenant Armstrong.

"Armstrong!" cried Sydenham, springing towards him, and grasping his hand. "May I believe my eyes?"

"Ye e'en may," replied the Scot; "its Willie Armstrong himsel; as muckle yer friend, and as obedient till yer orders, as when he commanded ae troop in yer honour's division."

He then introduced his companions

to our hero, the whole of whom were, he said, his own relations of the clan Armstrong, and the chief, John Armstrong (who sat at the head of the table), was the proprietary of the house. This hospitable man, who never failed his friend at need, had given shelter to all the Cavaliers of his name, many of whom had been out with Montrose, and had narrowly escaped sharing the fate of that gallant but ill-fated nobleman. The Armstrongs (and among the rest our Lieutenant, who was held in great esteem by his kinsmen for his martial ability) only awaited the marching of the army to mount and join their friends. Sydenham, without much intreaty, was prevailed upon to join them at the board, where the "first bowl o' the pint stoup" was taken to the health of the gallant Cavalier.

"Yer presence does us meikle honour," said the chief. "Little did we count o' the pleasure o' meeting face to face wi' the noble Colonel Sydenham, although

our kinsman had said he ken'd ye ae day at the castle drilling."

"Ay, by the mass," cried Willie, "it'll be mair than a straught kem'd wig, an' ae serge doublet, that can puzzle my brains o' the Colonel's features. I ken'd ye at the first glance, an' the sight gar'd my bleid dance i' my veins. I wad hae drawn ye hither then, but ye were lockit to that son o' the bottle Macgraith; and it wadna do to trust that chiel wi' siccan ae secret."

"You did right," said Sydenham. "Though ignorant of your person and purpose to-night, I preferred risking a chance to having the company of Macgraith."

"He wadna hae come the ane half o' the way," replied the Lieutenant. "I watched you syne mornin', follow'd ye to the kirk, and wish'd auld Hetspeerit ae hundred times might fa' frae the pulpit, stead o' fa'ing frae grace, so that ye might gang free frae his heart-seeking orations.

At length he gar'd his doment, an' ye came awa. I tap'd ye o' the shouther like a bailiff i' merry England, an' here ye are i' the lock-up house."

"As free," cried the chief, "as heart can wish, or tongue can tell. Sorry is the day Colonel Sydenham, when honest men maun walk under a cloak, an' hide their heads i' the mid-day sun like blinkin' tillarts."

"And sorry is the day," said the Lieutenant, "when ae batch o' covenanting hypocrites may haud their heads higher than the King his crown, an' gar him to dismiss his Cavaliers, when the Lord kens there's nae ither honds to help him."

"If I prove not a false prophet," said Sydenham, "a day will come, when this order shall be reversed. The army will soon march; and though they may refuse us their countenance here, they will seek ours full gladly, when Fairfax and his troops are in their front. They have not, I fancy, forgot Preston; that day's disas-

ter, it is to be hoped, taught them a lesson."

"They are clean blind," answered William Armstrong; "they dinna count upon courage an' discipline; but vainly await the arm o' the spirit, which they cry is powerful to overcome an' to destroy. What can be hop'd frae sic senseless clavers? It wad go ill wi' em, I'm thinkin', gin Cromwell an' his horse were to tak' em o' their bended knees, i' spite o' their godliness an' arm o' the spirit."

"It is doubtful," said the Colonel, "whether his Majesty will go out with them, and God forbid he should. Little will it serve his cause, if, instead of leading his army to battle like our kings were wont to do, he be crossed and governed by the ministers of the kirk, many of whom, I learn, will attend the march."

"May they be trapped in an ambush, an' cut off till ae mon," exclaimed the Lieutenant; "that's the warst wish I hae till 'em. I wadna gie the lowest

plack i' my pouch to save the hail Round-head faction frae the gibbet, save one, an' I maun drink her health."

"Her health! By Saint George, if a lady's in the case," cried Sydenham gaily, "he's no Cavalier that will refuse the toast."

"I maun tell ye," said Willie, "that ye may gie the deeper wish to her health, that she saved me frae the death. There is but one here, save mysel, that kens her, an' he may remember the mountain daisy."

Sydenham look'd earnestly at the Lieutenant, who raised his horn, and stood up. "Here's to the mountain daisy; may no rude storm blight the blossom of her beauty."

The toast was repeated by all present, with great plaudits.

"Is the mountain daisy a leman o' your's, Willie?" said the chief; "it'll be na ill match wi' ae border thistle."

"She's mair title to be a king's wife," cried the Lieutenant, "than a moss-

trooper's; but I wish her mair happiness than she wad get by t'ane or t'ither."

"She's a paragon, it appears," said Sydenham laughing.

"By my troth ye might swear it, an' na dread perjury," answered Armstrong; "she's mair bonnie than they say was Queen Mary; and mair guid, mair prideless, mair bountiful, than ever was living woman afore her."

"What! has she nae fault," enquired the chief.

"Na, that I ken, unless it's being too pitiful," replied Willie.

"How came ye sae weel acquent wi' her virtues?" said his host.

"I mayna answer," replied Willie, "save wi' the Colonel's gree."

"My leave!" said Sydenham laughing. "What have I to do with your mountain daisy?"

"Ye hae surely forgotten the daisy o' the hills, the daisy of Wibberley," cried the Lieutenant.

"The daisy of Wibberley," replied

Sydenham, you don't mean Miss Bradshaw; and yet, I now remember, she bears the name of the mountain daisy."

"In guid faith does she," cried Willie; "she tow'd ye sae hersell; though ye hae tint it frae yer memory."

The Colonel reddened, as if he felt some deserved censure contained in the Lieutenant's speech; but quickly recovering himself, he said, "You may proceed, Armstrong; I give you full power to edify your friends with the charms and virtues of the pretty puritan."

The Lieutenant turned towards our hero with a look somewhat expressive of discontent, and his manner shewed he was rather disappointed in hearing the Colonel speak of the subject of his panegyric with such indecorous levity. We must here confess that Sydenham was by no means immaculate, as regarded his amorous character; nor indeed was it to be expected that he should be so. Masculine continency was a virtue superior to the age; so much so, that (as at the

present day*) it was entirely discountenanced by people of rank. It is true the late King had himself been a severe observer of the conjugal vow, and commanded the lords and ladies of his court, on pain of his displeasure, to place a bridle on their irregularities; but the power was wanting to second the will, and his edict extended no further than his example. Upon his death, however, this feeble barrier was overthrown, and the "bon ton" gave itself up to the gratification of every loose desire and carnal appetite. The foreign abode of most of the nobility did not a little increase their voluptuousness, and our hero (who during his residence abroad kept the best company) was not long uninitiated in the mysteries of "*la cour d'amour.*" It is not then to be wondered at, that Sydenham should forget, in the space of six years, amidst the blaze and enjoyment of French beauty, the name, nay the person of Miss Esther

* Interpolation ut ante.

Bradshaw, who, when our hero had last seen her, was a mere infant. Armstrong, who neither knew nor understood these palliatives (if so they might be called), was greatly nettled (as we have before remarked) at the Colonel's *nonchalance;* but without expressing his disapprobation, save by the vehemence of his tone, he commenced his explanation. "I had the honour of an appointment by Colonel Sydenham 'till the command of Wibberley Castle, whilk had fa'n intill his honour's hands, not mair than three months afore the fight at Marston, when the Cavaliers fled frae that field, an' the Colonel gar'd 'em retreat wi' ae skill that wad hae credited Turenne. I prepar'd my garrison, wi' aw haste, for ae leaguer. It were na meikle time, ere I found the benefit of my caution. The Roundheads sat down afore us wi' a force of twa thousand men, an' a reg'lar train of battering cannon, prefacing their attack wi' ae summons, borne by that fause an'

hollow traitor, Snell of the Tordale, yer father's born villain."

"That man owes me his life," said Sydenham; "he is doubly a traitor, false to his lord, and rebel to his sovereign.—Proceed."

"Though wi' ae glad heart, I could hae pitch'd the rascal intill the graff, I yet held out my patience, till he made an end. He proffer'd terms of mercy, whilk I rejected wi' scorn: he then threatened death wi'out quarter, an' we made defence; but I cut the scoundrel short, an' dismissed him."

"Ye did brawly," said the chief. "Tak' ae pu' at the 'stoup, and whet yer whistle, mon. Yer aiver'll gang faster, an he be weel baitit."

The Lieutenant obeyed his chief, and then proceeded.

"The Round-heads that day open'd their trenches, an' the following mornin' commenc'd their attack wi' the deil's ain bombardment. They fired awa' frae twal

pieces of cannon, until the outer wa' had na ae stane left upright. The greater half of my men were kill'd, an' the lave, taking advantage of a wound whilk had disabled me, gar'd a drum beat for capitulation. I were fain to consent, though I ken'd weel my ain life maun be the sacrifice till their safety."

"The fause cowardly loons," cried the chief.

"The enemy ceas'd their firing," proceeded Willie; "an' my serjeant ca'd for articles. The Round-heads order'd him to come over to their camp: he obey'd, an' ae surrender was agreed on, in whilk the privates were exempt; but I was doom'd till ae brace of musquet bullets."

"Infernal scoundrels!" exclaimed Sydenham. "Of what corps were they?"

"They were part of Goring's brigade of artillery."

"Weel, mon, but how scapit ye?" enquired his kinsman earnestly.

"The castle was surrender'd, an' the Round-head Snell came wi' some other

officers of his party to drag me frae my bed; but what wi' the torment of my body, an' the anguish of my soul, at the garrison's treachery, I had luckily fa'n intill ae stupor. Snell finding he might gather nae triumph ower my insensibility, let me rest for that day, an' the neist brought wi' it the angel of my salvation."

"The mountain daisy!" said Sydenham smiling.

"Ye are even right, Colonel Sydenham," replied the Lieutenant seriously. "Mr. Bradshaw an' his family returned till the castle: they learnt frae the victors my situation an' my fate; but the bonnie Esther sae stir'd her father i' my favour, that out of her pleadin', an' his ain recollection of yer honour's humanity when the castle fell intill our honds, he rested not till he had gain'd my life frae the General Manchester, wha was then marchin' southward."

"Yer mountain daisy," cried the chief, "is, I think, a garden rose."

"Weel sir," proceeded the Lieutenant, this is na a'; she was not contented wi' begging my grace; but she gar'd me be watch'd an' tentit wi' unco care, until I had recover'd frae my wound; an' then she pray'd her father to supply me wi' horse an' gowd, to mak my way hither, procuring me ae pass frae the General's hond. Thus, see ye, I owe her my life twice over; an' whilst I haud a drap o' guid bleid i' my veins, she shall command my sword an' my service."

"She is entitled to baith," said his relation. "Siccan ae lassie is worthy to rescue the hail o' her party frae damnation.—But say ye her name is Bradshaw?"

"It is," replied Willie.

"Is she of kin," said the chief, "to the regicide president o' the high court of justice, as they ca' it?"

"His ain brother's daughter," answered the Lieutenant.

"Guid Lord," cried John Armstrong,

" how near may an angel be allied to the de'il himsel."

" Her father, ye ken," said the Lieutenant, " is nae republican, as her uncle the president. Sorry he was, an' sair griev'd, at the sad fate of his sacred Majesty; an' he wad now join heart an' hand wi' the Cavaliers, gin they could restore our present King to the throne of his fathers."

" Ay, ay," cried the chief, " his party raised a lowe they canna quench, an' they now fear it may burn their ain byres."

Sydenham rose to depart. He bade his host, and the other Cavaliers of the clan Armstrong, a very good night. The children of the border replied cordially to his salutation, and expressed their hope that they should soon meet as became Cavaliers in arms for the service of their lawful Sovereign. The Lieutenant having re-assumed his cloak, Sydenham and he quitted the house.

CHAP. VII.

Masters, it is proved already that you are little better than false knaves, and it will go near to be thought so shortly. *Much ado about Nothing.*

THE hour of midnight was marked on a clock placed over the offices attached to Mr. Armstrong's house, as our hero and the Lieutenant departed from the gate. The latter, in re-conducting the Colonel to the residence of Macgraith, did not return by the way they came; but striking off through a long narrow lane, they found themselves in the High-street of Edinburgh, which they traversed with hasty steps. They had nearly attained its further extremity, when Armstrong, stopping under the window of a large mansion which fronted the street, asked the Colonel abruptly "if he knew who lived there?"

"No," replied Sydenham; "since

my arrival in this city, I have kept my quarters too close to know either the inhabitants or their houses."

"An' yet I wadna lay a bawbee," cried Armstrong, "anenst a hantle o' siller, that ye dinna weel ken the folk wha occupy this house."

"I tell ye," said Sydenham, "except it be Macgraith, I have not a how-do-ye acquaintance with any Scotchman on earth."

What do ye ca' me," said the Lieutanant, smiling; "I trow I'm naebody; an' my gallant kinsmen that we've maist now left, are they na Scots? By the holy rood, though puir Scotland has had her head lain low by the mad freaks o' her ain children, yet neither I nor ony mon o' my name, wad change the bearing of Scot for the proudest title ae foreign herald has in his buik."

"Oh, rot your bearing," cried Sydenham; "don't bawl so loud; we shall have the guard upon us. — And pray what do ye wait here for? Let us march on.

"Nay, an ye lack curiosity," answered Armstrong, "de'il a bit will I force yer humour."

They then proceeded with great dispatch, and had soon left the house Armstrong spoke of, far behind. After they had advanced silently some time, the Lieutenant said,

"I had hoped, Colonel, that the mountain daisy had smelt sweetly to ye; but I see ye are too muckle of a true Cavalier to waste your love upon one, when there are scores for the pu'ing."

"I cannot, for the life of me, divine," cried Sydenham, "what ye aim at. To-night, when I jestingly gave you my leave (which you requested) to mention the name of Miss Bradshaw, your blood was up in a trice, and your brow knit as black as thunder. Esther was indeed a sweet little girl, and deserved the esteem and admiration of all who knew her; but what the devil, Sir, you would not have me fall in love with an infant?"

"It aiblins might hae been weel gin ye had," answered the Lieutenant. "The love of an infant's mair worth than the mercenary passion of a French courtezan."

"Lieutenant Armstrong," said Sydenham, proudly, "you forget yourself. I am now forced to bend to the storm; but you may remember I was your commanding officer."

"I hinna forgotten it, Sir," replied Armstrong, coolly.

"It would therefore become ye better, pursued the Colonel, "to delay giving your advice, until I sought it."

"There is an auld proverb," said Armstrong, "proffered counsel a'ways stinks, an' the mair when the truth ye tell is disagreeable."

"I know not, Sir," cried Sydenham, "that you were ever appointed the censor of my conduct; and he that voluntarily takes upon himself that office may chance to meet with chastisement for his pains."

"Chastisement!" said the borderer, halting, and eyeing his companion. "It is my auld clannish prejudice for my leader, whilk absence an' injury cannot efface, that forbids me to wash out the stain of that threat in yer heart's bleid, Sir. Chastisement! If ye were na the mon ye are; nay, gin ye did na stand in need of my protection, instead of feeling my vengeance; by the het bleid of my ancestors, I'd gar ye regorge that word wi' a steel vomit."

"Whatever protection," cried Sydenham, drawing his weapon, "the one circumstance or the other may afford me from your sword, it must be more than either that can save you from mine.—Draw, Sir, if you have a spark of honour or courage; I disclaim your favour, and from me expect none."

"Colonel Sydenham," said the Lieutenant, "although it is not in my nature to refuse an invitation of this kind, yet if I were to raise my sword against yer life,

I should count mysel a black an' fause traitor."

"Sir," cried Sydenham impatiently, "you should have considered the consequences, before you used the language you have. I absolve ye from all breach of fidelity, for I have no claim upon your services; and, after all, you had better be branded as a traitor than contemned as a coward."

"Ye force the sword frae my scabbard," said the borderer, "whether I will or no. Ye shall ken, my mettlesome gentleman, that neither coward nor traitor was ever buckled wi' the name of Armstrong. — Now, Sir, watch your life."

They were standing opposite the tollbooth when this indiscreet affray commenced, and the guard which had been appointed for the city regulation in these disorderly times, when not on its progress, rested at the prison. The officer (who by the bye was neither more nor less than an honest citizen) had, with several of his men, watched the progress of the dispute

between the two Cavaliers; and when they were in the act of assaulting each other, rushed out with a terrible outcry, and charging peace in the king's name, made them both prisoners.

"Ah! ah! ye're a pratty kipple o' loons," cried the sagacious officer, "to be kicking up yer colic shangies i' the dead o' nightfa', an' rippin' up ilka the other's wame till the terror an' dread o' his Majesty's liege subjects. Weel I wot ye're twa o' Cromwell's men i' disguisement, for ane o' ye ca'd the ither Colonel Sydenham, an' its weel ken'd there's an officer o' that name an' degree i' the sectarian army. What hae ye to say, my masters, that ye sould na be committed to straught prison?"

Sydenham and his companion were too much enraged to give any answer. The officer proceeded:—

"Aweel, my masters, ye stand wilfully mute, an' refuse answer till the king's officer. Aiblins ye are na aware o' my rank, an' may sae think scorn to speak till ae body

o' less degree than yersels; but ken ye I'm lieutenant o' the city guard, Randal Macrandy is my name, a mon weel esteemit, baith as an officer an chanler, whilk is my occupation."

"D—n yer occupation an' yer rank to boot," cried Armstrong.

"Aweel, my masters," ejaculated the officer, "we'll see."

"Gin we be yer masters," said Armstrong, "as ye declare, let us gang free. If we be not, ye're ae liar, an' that's nae compliment."

"Varra weel, varra weel, my masters," continued Lieutenant Macrandy; "ye'll nae find yer account i' crackin' yer aiths an' blasphemies upo' the city lieutenant. — Here, Jock! Sandy! Rob! hale thae chiels intill the tollbooth."

"I should be glad to know, Sir," said Sydenham, who had now somewhat recovered from his chagrin, for what crime we, who are doing offence to no one, are thus rudely committed to prison?"

"Hoot! toot!" answered Macrandy,

"ye've found yer tongue at last, an' ae southron it is. Dinna we find ye i' the verra act o' breaking the king's peace; an' count ye na that a crime, my masters?"

"We were engaged in a private quarrel," rejoined the Colonel, "and had no intention of offering disturbance to any."

"And sae, my masters," cried the city officer, "ye've ae mind that ony brawl may be raisit i' the open street, gin ye dinna rob an' murther the lieges o' the king."

"I wish I had ye on the border," muttered Armstrong.

"Ye'll nae catch me there hastily," answered Macrandy, overhearing him. "I never but ance travell'd sae far south, and I paid for my journey wi' horse an' baggage."

"Are we free?" said Sydenham.

"Free, said ye?" cried the officer, amazed at the question. "Free! Ye mought as well ask are ye i' heaven? No,

no, my masters, gin ye were now free frae examination, to-morrow I sould be free frae my place, an' that's nae pleasant consideration. Bide ae wee; to-morrow, gin ye live sae lang, the Lord Provost will question ye himsell; an' I dinna doubt ye can gie him ample satisfaction baith as to yer persons and yer beesness i' this city. Come, my masters, ye'll do me the favour o' walking intill the tollbooth."

"It wad be muckle mair to our gree," said Armstrong, "to walk out on't; but need maun when the de'il drives; an sae, Mr. City Lieutenant, beat the hoof."

"This way, my masters," said Macrandy, advancing to the prison door, "this way. Hae ae care o' the grating: ye may slip ae foot, for it's nae safe to walk wi'out ae guide or experience ower the threshold o' the tollbooth; but aiblins, my masters, it's nae the first time."

The guard conducted the Cavaliers through a short passage into a small square

room, furnished with a table, a huge oaken high-back'd chair, a 'lang settle,' and a lamp. These conveniences were for the use of the officer, and it was only offenders of superior rank that were admitted to the honour of Lieutenant Macrandy's company. It appeared that he considered the Colonel and the borderer above the "canaille," for he directed the guard to shew them into this chamber, whither he shortly followed. His *entrée* was graced by the accompaniment of the keeper* or governor of the tollbooth, Mr. Janus Fetterlegs, a rough bandag-looking person, who (if one might judge from the colour of his skin) was a true Egyptian. This man's voice rang a measure with his appearance; for, as his person was swarthy and brutish, so was his voice fierce and husky, a something between a bark and a grumble. He was in fact a complete Cerberus in each particular but that of the three heads; and yet so vigilant was his excellency, that he lost little advantage by having only one. The first ques-

tion put to the Cavaliers by Mr. Fetterlegs was, whether they chose to have any drink? to which Armstrong replied in the affirmative.

"What'll ye choose?" growled Janus. "Are ye for ae stoup o' claret? or ae dram o' mountain dew? or ae bottle o' sack? or ae flask o' brandy? or ae bowl o' black strap?"

"An I may venture to gie ye counsel," said Macrandy, "i' this delicate affair, ye'll gar the keeper crack ae kipple o' cases o' brandy intill the half-bowl o' sack, an' then ripen it up wi' a quaigh o' mountain dew. He weel kens the hail process, for he's made it mair or less ilka day for the last ten years, ye ken."

"We kenna ony thing o' the matter," replied Armstrong; "but its nae rule but we may; and sae, Mr. Keeper, ye may follow the mon's order."

The keeper retired, leaving our hero seated on the settle in a brown study, and the borderer and city lieutenant to engage in a new disputation. The former

had taken possession of the chair, and Macrandy seated himself beside the Colonel on the settle, having the table between him and Armstrong. The Scottish cavalier pulled off his slouch'd Spanish hat (the plume of which overshadowed his features), and hung it up on a rail which ran round the chamber. Having returned to his seat, the citizen officer raised his arm over his eyes, and after scrutinizing Armstrong for the best part of a minute, said, " Marry it's to me like a dream gin I hunna seen yer face afore to-day."

" Varra likely ye hae," replied the undaunted Marchman; " it's no my practice to hide it frae friend nor foe."

" Ye'll be named Saunders Mucklecraft," pursued Macrandy, " that scapit the prison mair than ae twa years back, an' lay under doom for hame-sucken an' stouthrief.* It's nae duty o' mine to gie the keeper ae blink o' the matter, an' ill wad it become Randal Macrandy to turn informer o' ony body's back, sae count

yersel safe, as ye were on ae open heath, for I'm nae the lad that sall betray ye."

Armstrong was no little amazed at this charge and conclusion. He gathered all his ferocity into his countenance, and replied to the city officer: "Your memory, Mr. Macrandy, or whatever else is yer name, maun be amazingly guid, for ye can weel recollect it seems what never happened, an' what never wull. S'death, Sir, hae ye sae little sense an penetration that ye canna discern ae gentleman an' an officer frae a common thief? It's weel, Sir, my hond is bare, or ye'd sairly rue this scandalous affront."

"Peace be wi' ye," cried Macrandy; "I hae nae wull nor wish to do ye wrang; an' gin ye binna Saunders, I'm sae muckle the gladder, for ye ken it tak's ae burthen frae aff my shouthers. But may I just ken, if it be nae secret, wha ye are? an' then ye ken I'se mak nae mair footfa's."

This enquiry again raised the Borderer's astonishment, not so much at the question itself, as at the singular modesty

with which it was put by the city lieutenant. However, upon reflection, Armstrong thought he might as well gratify the officer's curiosity as conceal himself; for he knew, if they remained there until morning, the Provost would discover they were Cavaliers, and his name would not add to the esteemed malignancy of that title. He fancied also, that by an unreserved frankness to Macrandy he might gain upon his favour, and the lieutenant of the guard might become serviceable in their discharge. These considerations weighed with the Borderer, and he replied calmly to the citizen, "My name's William Armstrong, and I'm ae Cavalier."

"An' yer occupation?" enquired Macrandy.

"Is that o' my fathers, the trade o' war," replied the Borderer. "I've borne a Lieutenant's commission under his late Majesty."

"Better had ye, like me, ta'en the holy covenant," said the citizen, "and servit yer country; 'stead o' being, as ye are

now, hunted down like wolves an' tigers; ye wad hae been like us, honour'd and respectit."

Armstrong smiled in scorn upon the self-approving officer, and said,

"An' pray in what field, Lieutenant Macrandy, did yer worship win yer fame? Were ye at Keinton, at Marston, or at Naseby?"

"Nay, I canna say I was," answered the citizen.

"Did ye ever see sword drawn or cannon fired at a'?" enquired the Borderer.

"Yea, that hae I, mair than ae score times," replied Macrandy.

"But where?" pursued Armstrong.

"Nae langer than yesterday I witnessit baith t'ane an' t'ither," cried the city guardsman.

"Oh, gramercy to yer service," cried the Marchman; "I see it extends nae further than the city review."

"An' where sould it extend, Lieutenant Armstrong," said Macrandy, "see-

ing, ye ken, that I am attachit to the city guard, an' nae to the marching troops o' the reglar army?"

At this moment the governor returned, attended by one of the turnkeys, bearing a huge bowl of that composition he had left the chamber to prepare. The under-strapper deposited the potation upon the table, with several horn cups, and retired. Mr. Fetterlegs, appearing to perform the ancient but now obsolete office of taster, immediately poured out a cup of the liquor, and drank to their better acquaintance. Armstrong's brow gathered instantly at this piece of familiar impudence; but Macrandy treading on his toe, told Janus the gentlemen would probably want some refreshment of a more solid description. This proposition was assented to by the Borderer, for Sydenham sat in a reverie entirely passive in the passing scene. The governor again made his exit, and Macrandy immediately opened his battery upon Armstrong.

"I mought easily ken ye had never been i' the tollbooth afore, or ye'd ne'er pit on siccan ae look o' pride to Master Fetterlegs the governor. Ye maun lower yer speerit, or count upo' a twal'months' imprisonment at the least; for ye kenna what ae word the governor has wi' the Lord Provost."

"D—n his word," cried the furious Cavalier; "he mak's himsel muckle mair free than welcome; an' as for yer twal'-months imprisonment, lookye, Mr. Macrandy, gin yer party refuse the help an' adjunction of the Cavaliers, in less than half of that time yer city, an' a' the cities in Scotland, wull be in a lowe. Cromwell's horse wull be at yer gates in a hop skip an' jump, an' I trow the covenanters are nae the lads to beat 'em back; an' what'll become of yer chan'ler's shop then, Mr. Macrandy?"

The city officer did not well know what answer to return to this question; and his fears told him that the assertion of Armstrong was but too probable. The

Borderer saw his embarrassment, and proceeded :

"Tak the word of a honest mon, Lieutenant Macrandy, an' mak friends while ye can. There's nae occasion that aebody but oursels should ken that we're acquent; but the time wull come, ken ye, when ye'll lack ae Cavalier's countenance: an' ye may e'en credit me when I tell ye, there are few men ye'll meet wi' that can serve ye mair at ae pinch than this noble officer, and my ainsel."

Macrandy turned round towards the Colonel, and found him wrapped in his cloak, reclining on the arm of the settle, fast asleep.

"Ye'll add muckle till the favour ye hae done me," said the citizen, "gin ye'll ma'e me acquent wi' the bearing o' yer companion, I sould say yer enemy, for ye were at sword-point when we took ye."

"Rest content wi' what ye ken o' me," replied Armstrong. "I may not peril his life, though I may reck little o' my

ain. Drink, mon, there's nowt gars ye be merry within the bars of a prison, like a flask of cognac, or ae bottle o' sack."

"Weel, weel," said Macrandy, "to be sure yer the master o' yer secret; but ye are owr leal, it seems to me, to be sae thrifty o' his life wha wad hae ta'en your's wi' meikle gree."

"Gin he had done," answered the Borderer, in a low voice, "I owe it him ten times o'er; an' gin my uncanny sword had touch'd his life, by the cross o' Perth it should hae let out my ain bleid."

The city lieutenant was proceeding to probe this wound to the quick; but the Borderer sternly shook his head, and filling his cup, nodded to Macrandy, and drank it off.

"What say ye, Macrandy," said Armstrong familiarly, "wull ye let us gang free, an' save yer ain bacon when the day comes? or wull ye keep us fast by the heels, an' draw upon yer head the hail border?"

"Varra glad an' rejoicefu' sould I be,"

answered the city officer, "an' it were wi'in the sphere o' my authority to gie ye present discharge; but ye ken Fetterlegs has now the charge o' ye, an' its till him that ye sould apply, wha hauds the keys o' the gate."

"Ye refuse," said the Borderer.

"Nay, gin I could ony how assist ye," replied Macrandy, "ye may be assurit o' my readiness an' guid wull; but gin I were to tak upo' mysel an extra jurisdictional authority, an' set ye baith at leeberty, its nae but likely I sould be hangit as ae traitor till the state."

"Ye'd better run that risk," said Armstrong, "than encounter the wrath of my border kinsmen. Weel ye ken, they'll mak naething of running a sword through yer wame, or knockin' yer brains out wi' ae brace of pistol slugs. But mak yer ain calculation: we shall go free, whether wi' yer assistance or anither's; but an ye tine yer gear an' yer life, yer ain coward heart bear the blame."

Macrandy answered nothing, and they

sat silent until Fetterlegs re-appeared with the "cibaria." The same turnkey who brought the liquor, covered the board with several cogs, or wooden dishes, containing viands of divers descriptions, and among the rest that favourite one called a dish of Scotch collops, which smoked in the midst. So soon as the table was furnished, the governor sat himself down on the settle, and drawing the dish of collops towards him, was beginning to help himself, when Armstrong in a rage asked him who was to pay for what was provided?

"Ye are, I wot," replied Janus; "ye ordered it."

"An' gin these victuals are mine," said the Borderer, "wha the de'il invited your d—d ugly face to partake o' them."

"Oh! oh! is that the gate ye're ganging?" answered Mr. Fetterlegs. "I'll sune teach ye manners an' ceeveelity till the governor of the tollbooth, wha honours ye ower muckle to sit at the same table. Here, Rob! Gregor! Jamie! tak'

awa' this provision. Thae loons sall want afore they win."

"Ye lie, ye d—d son of a hangsman," cried the Borderer, snatching up the heavy chair in which he had been sitting, "an' gin either Rob, Gregor, Jamie, or yersel dare lay hond upo' that table, or the sma'est article, I'll gar this chair let the light shine through yer skulls."

Sydenham, who it appears was awakened with the noise, started up, and seeing the Borderer in a warlike attitude, caught up a poker, which stood in the fire-place, and prepared to join his old friend. Janus and his jackalls, alarmed at these hostile appearances, fled out of the chamber, and Armstrong instantly bolted the door. Lieutenant Macrandy had retired into a dark corner, where he quakingly awaited the termination of the combat, and although he was glad to see the departure of Fetterlegs and his turnkeys, yet his fears were not entirely dissipated until the fierce and turbulent expression painted upon the features of Armstrong had

subsided, and the Borderer called to him to resume his seat.

There is no time like that when a man is in the moment of triumph and victory, to soften his feelings and humble his heart. It seems as if the consciousness of his valour, and the pride of his strength, enoble him above the little formalities of etiquette; and it has been often observed, in cases of single rencontres, that the victor, in place of rejoicing over his conquest, has confessed himself the faulty aggressor, and humbly intreated the pardon of his vanquished rival.

The defeat of Fetterlegs and his troop operated in a way somewhat similar upon Armstrong; for no sooner had the rascals departed, and serenity resumed her reign, than the Borderer, moved by his better feelings, offered his hand to Sydenham, at the same time saying in an earnest tone, "Colonel! I pressed yer spirit too hastily, though I meant ye weel. Forget what has passed, an' let me be as before, yer friend."

Sydenham, who was the farthest man in the world from a bearer of malice, accepted the proffered reconciliation with ardour, and the Cavaliers were soon as entire friends as before their disagreement. They now, in company with Macrandy, attacked the collops and other eatables on the table, which they washed down with copious libations of Mr. Fetterlegs' compotation. Whilst they were eating, Armstrong lifting up his head said to the citizen, "Macrandy, ye'll ken Mr. Bradshaw varra weel, I'se warrant ye?"

"Mr. Bradshaw," replied the officer, "aw's weel's I ken ye an' muckle better; he lives i' the midway o' the High-street, an' has ae bonnie lassie for his dochter."

"Mr. Bradshaw!" cried Sydenham, "living in Edinburgh,—why, sir, when came he here?"

"Shortly afterhend the late King's murther," answered Macrandy, "the worthy mon fled frae the sectarians, an' took up his abode wi'in our city wa's.—Here's his health, gentlemen."

The Cavaliers joined in the toast.

"And here's his daughter's," cried Armstrong, filling a bumper.

"Wi' a' my saul," cried Macrandy.

The trio pledged the health of Miss Bradshaw.

"Sure eno'," said the citizen, she's the bonniest rose that ever grew on ae southron stem."

"Or ae northern either, Macrandy," cried Armstrong; "and that ye wad confess an' ye ken'd her closely."

"Aft hae I wish'd, but I wish'd i' vain," answered the city lieutenant, "to hae the honour o' speakin' ae word till the fair damsel; but ye ken the distance atween us, an' the thing's impracticable."

"Nay, not so, Macrandy," said Armstrong, "gin ye mean what ye say; for gin ye hae the wish ye talk on, ye shall this day speak till her in her father's house."

"What wad I gie," answered Macrandy, "that ye meant guid faith?"

"In troth do I," said the Borderer.

"What! that I sall speak face till face wi' her ainsel?" cried the cit.

"Even sae," replied the Marchman.

"But how wull ye compass it? By what stratagem do ye expect I sall get intill the house?" said Macrandy.

"Marry, by nae stratagem at a'," answered Armstrong; "but ye shall just bear me a note till her father, and that wull gar ye be admitted without cross or scruple."

"Hoot awa," cried Macrandy, "write yer note, write twenty, an' I'll be yer postman ower a' the town, gin that'll gar me enter intill Mr. Bradshaw's house. The morning 's near breakin', an' I'll do yer errand sae sune as they're stirring, ye may depend. But are ye personally acquent wi' his honour?"

"Doubt it not," replied Armstrong; "I've mair friends than yersell, Macrandy, or we might stay here, the de'il kens how long. But what'll we do for the materials? Here are neither pen, ink, nor Paper."

"Never ye mind," replied the citizen, rising; "I'll find ye a' in the strikin' o' ae bell."

He unbolted the door, and left the room.

Sydenham immediately said, "And does Mr. Bradshaw and his family actually reside in Edinburgh?"

"In the varra house where we stopped," answered Armstrong; "but ye would pass on, an' sae ye tint the explanation."

"What mean you by sending to him."

"Naething but this.—He can procure our liberty wi' ae word to the Provost, an it'll nae be the waur for either you or me, an' we pass without examination."

"They dare not use violence to us," said Sydenham; "we are under the King's protection."

"Remember James Graham," replied Armstrong.

Macrandy now returned with paper, an ink-horn, and a grey goose quill, the latter of which he speedily converted

into a pen. Armstrong then wrote a short billet to Mr. Bradshaw, which we dare say was remarkable for neither graphiarial nor orthographical precision; but as we have no means of coming to a conclusion on this interesting point, (for the letter never reached our hands,) we shall say no more upon that subject; but merely state, that Macrandy having received the note, and undertaken to deliver it into the hands of Mr. Bradshaw himself, departed. The Cavaliers then wrapped themselves in their cloaks, and Sydenham extending himself on the settle, and his companion in the large chair, they quickly fell asleep.

CHAP. VIII.

Let me advise ye, Sir,—
Check your presumption in its wild career,
Nor think, if graced by a courtier's nod,
To emulate the rank of high-born men.

Siege of Candy.

OUR hero and the Scotsman slept, without interruption, until the ninth hour; for whether Macrandy had left any charge with Mr. Janus Fetterlegs, or that officer did not dare again to disturb the slumbering wrath of the Cavaliers, it is certain that he did not make his appearance. The Colonel was first aroused by a string of reverberations upon the iron gate of the tollbooth, and to his great surprise, perceived the broad rays of the sun darting through the high window of the room. Upon consulting his horologe, he was amazed at the advanced progress of the morning, and endeavoured to awake Armstrong, whose nasal organ

pour'd forth a sound which might have served for an alarm in the hour of battle. It was in vain that Sydenham used the might of his lungs; his voice was drowned in the overwhelming snore of the Borderer, and he was at length obliged to have recourse to manual exertion, before he could rouse Armstrong from his lair.

"What the deil gars ye mak siccan ae rout?" cried Willie, stretching himself. "Is the tollbooth in ae lowe? or has that thief unhangit, Fetterlegs, ventured to shew his impudent face here again?"

"Neither," replied Sydenham, "but you may see the sun has quartered his course; 'tis past nine."

"Past nine!" said Armstrong. "Ye may weel ken, gin it were past twal', we hinna had ae half of our reglar rest. It had striken four on the tollbooth clock afore Macrandy left, an' its nae likely we'll grow fat an' pursy upon five hours sleepin'."

He was proceeding to wrap himself

again in his roquelaure, for the purpose of resuming his somnolent position, when a noise was heard in the passage, and immediately after the door opened, and Mr. Bradshaw himself, followed by Lieutenant Macrandy, entered the chamber. The former advanced to the Colonel, and shook his hand with all the warmth of antient friendship, whilst Armstrong, starting up from his seat, cried aloud, " Ye're a friend in need, Mr. Bradshaw ; an' there's nowt like 'em. Here hae we twa bin syne the last e'ening coopit up in less room than ye wad tak to turn bandrons in ; an' had it nae bin for this guid chiel, wha laid us fast, we maun hae remain'd here until the gaol delivery."

" I hae gi'en his honour," said Macrandy, " a full an' porteeclar account o' a' circumstances whilk came wi'in the sphere o' my observance."

" The deil ye did," said Armstrong, drawing him aside ; " ye did na tell him ye found us wi' naked swords."

" I did truly," answered Macrandy.

"Truly ye did ae fulis action then, an' deserve a fule's reward," said the Borderer.

"Ye did na caution me," cried the citizen.

"Are ye ae callant? or an ideot? that ye need ae horn buik till yer girdle, wi' yer charge thereon," said the Marchman. "But it's nae to greet at the shot arrow. Bridle yer galloping tongue for the coming time, an' ye luve sound banes an' a hail skin."

"Muckle thanks ye gie me," said Macrandy; "for the service I've done ye. Gin I had na gaun yer errand, ye wad hae lookit lang an' found few that wad hae done yer bidding."

"Ae het aizle in yer mouth, ye barkin' collie," cried the Borderer; "ye went to see the lassie, an' nae for luve o' me. Didna ye tak it as a favour done ye? an' now ye mouth it out, as though the saddle were on t'ither aiver."

"An' weel may I, ye ken," answered Macrandy, "for the damsel did na ap-

pear, an' I had my trouble for my pains."

"An' as muckle as ye deserv'd," cried Armstrong, "that wad na do ae guid turn to yer neighbour in distress, without the hope of reward. Ye ken now, we're likely, as I towd ye, to scape without yer halp or favour; an' in return for the little guid ye've done us, I'll gie ye some advice, whilk, if ye tak it, wull repay ye doubly."

"Weel, what mean ye? said Macrandy."

"Shut up yer shop, make disponement of yer stock in trade, an' quit the town," answered the Borderer. "The city of Edinbro' wull sune, ye ken, be fillit wi' armed men, an' amang the rest, the Armstrongs of the Border. They are my kin an' frends for life an' death, an' are nae ower nice in the distinction of their ain an' ither men's guids. I say till ye my say, tak it as ye wull; but gin I find ye as ye are in ae month's course, I'll leave ye neither stockin' for yer shop, nor guids

for yer bigging, claes to yer back, nor life in yer body. Mark ye me, Mr. City Lieutenant; the day's nae lang."

Although Armstrong thus threatened Macrandy in jest, it put the citizen (who believed the whole as true as the gospel) into a most pitiable taking. He endeavoured to soften the Borderer by silent imploration; but the Cavalier avoided taking any further notice of him. In the meantime, whilst the dialogue between the two Scots had been *in peractione*, Mr. Bradshaw and Colonel Sydenham had been engaged in an earnest conference.

"You are now free," said the worthy elder. "I have already visited the Lord Provost, who has given your discharge to the city lieutenant. Is it not so, Mr. Macrandy?"

"Yer honour is doubtless correct," replied the citizen officer, bowing; "I hae the discharge i' my pocket; an' gin yer honour an' the gentleman wull wait ae

minute, I'll bring ye Master Fetterlegs, the governor."

He went out of the room, and shortly returned, bearing the swords of the Cavaliers, which were restored to them. He was accompanied by the keeper, to whom he tendered the order. Fetterlegs read it over with great circumspection, and then put it in his pocket, whence he drew another instrument of somewhat larger dimensions. It was, in fact, his bill of charges, which he presented to Armstrong. Sydenham drew his purse, and would have paid it without scruple; but the Borderer was of another mind, and told the Colonel to go onward with Mr. Bradshaw, and he would settle with Fetterlegs, and follow them. Our hero complied, leaving the purse with Armstrong; who, when they had left the tollbooth, tried in vain to decypher the keeper's writing.

"Ye've a d——d crampit hond o' yer ain," said Willie. "Its nae possible for

ae plain mon just to mak' it out. Ye maun e'en read it your ainsel, for curse me gin I can read ae word on't."

The keeper then took the bill, and attempted to explain what the Borderer had failed to unravel.

"Till captioning the twa gentlemen at the hour o' resting."

"That was nae faut o' ours," cried Armstrong, "for the de'il ae bit should we hae sought entrance here, gin ye had passed yer gate, and nae meddled wi' us."

"Till the Lieutenant's feeing on captioning, and committal."

"Curse your committal," said the Borderer; "it was a clean jerk o' the teeth of justice an' liberty; an' gin the lieutenant, here he is, winna remit that charge, whilk is his ain, he may count me his fast foe."

"Troth, an' I wull heartily," answered Macrandy. "Erase it, Mr. Fetterlegs, an' a' ither charges o' my score."

"Wi' a' my saul," grumbled Janus,

scoring them through with his pen; "I'm no the sineman."

"Till the room hailly till yersels, — for whilk ye'll no think ae Jacobus too muckle."

"Hey! ae Jacobus!" cried Armstrong; "ye left us i' the room because ye had nae ither preesner to pit intill't; an mair, did ye na say, Master Macrandy, that the room was yer ain place of guard, an that ye favour'd us by the loan on't."

"I did, truly," answered Macrandy.

"Knock that charge in the head, Mr. Filthylegs," cried the Marchman.

"Feelthy legs!" replied Janus; "my legs are ae muckle sight mair fit to luk on than yer ain."

"Till the lamp burning a' neet—whilk ye forgot to pit out when ye went till sleep."

"Aweel, go on," said Armstrong.

"Till yer excellent supper," pursued Janus.

"Consisting of collops that wad choke ae dog," cried the Borderer.

"An' yer bicker o' sack punch."

"Whilk, I maun acknowledge, did ye credit," said the Marchman; "and was the ainly thing ye deserve payment for."

"An' lastly, till the fees o' the discharge."

"Weel, sum it a' up thegither," said Armstrong; "making a' necessary deductions for Master Macrandy's charge, whilk he disdains to pocket, ye ken; an' it wad honour ye gin ye wad follow his example."

"Deil hae me gin I do," growled Janus; "a fule and his money's sune partit; but I ken how I get mine, an' I ken how to keep it.—There, the hail sum 's five Jacobuses an' ae half mark."

Armstrong re-perused the bill, and scrutinized every item. At length he opened the purse. "Hae ye receitit it, mon?" he said to Fetterlegs.

"Yea," replied Janus.

The Borderer secured the bill, and drew three golden Jacobuses from the purse,

which he instantly re-clasped, and committed to his pocket.

"Here," said he, "here, haud yer hond."

The governor extended his hand, and the Borderer counted into it the three pieces.

"What's this?" enquired Fetterlegs.

"It's yer pay," answered Armstrong, "an the hail ye'll get. Ye may think yersell weel aff that ye get ony thing, for deil ae plack hae ye deserv'd."

"Aweel, aweel," cried Fetterlegs, "it's a' ane; gin ye dinna pay ye dinna gang, that's clear.

"I'm varra contentit," replied the Borderer, re-seating himself in the chair. "Mr. Bradshaw kens where I am, an' he'll be back presently; or aiblins, Macrandy, ye'll gang for me till the Provost. I mindit to tak ye wi' me till his honour's house; but ye see I canna stir; for ye'll be my testimony, the keeper refuses to obey the mandate of his Lordship."

"An' ye wull na discharge my bill?" said Janus.

"Deil ae boddle wull I gi' ye mair," replied the Borderer.

"Weel, ye may gang," growled the keeper, in a tone most discordantly harsh, for anger now elevated his voice, and the higher and lower notes 'jarred hoarse thunder;' "ye may gang; for I darena say nay till his Lordship's order; but ye're a puir lousy scaly poltroon, that's nae mair like ae gentleman, than ae corbie's like an earn. The curse o' ae miserly saul light o' ye; an' I trow, for a' yer swagger, ye're nae better than a hallan-shaker; an' sae may the deil burn ye i' his hettest ingle."

Armstrong only replied to the reproaches of the Governor by a roar of laughter, which was so strong and powerful that it forced him to lean back in the chair for support. Macrandy, who wished to stand neutral, did not dare to join openly in the laugh against Fetterlegs; but could not refrain from shewing, by the smirk

upon his face, that it was fear alone which locked up his risibility. At length Armstrong arose, and the keeper making no further opposition, he passed the outer gate of the tollbooth, attended by the lieutenant of the city guard. They proceeded towards Mr. Bradshaw's house, and in a short time arrived at the door. Armstrong then turned round, and began to apologize for bringing Macrandy so much out of his way.

" I'm varra forgetfu'," said he, " an' ye should e'en hae remindit me, that ye liv'd anither gate."

" Yea ; but —" said Macrandy.

" Oh, I ken, I ken varra weel," cried the Borderer ; " ye've yer shop to attend till, an' its varra true ; gin ye dinna mind yer shop, yer shop winna mind ye ; ae maist excellent proverb, and no to be disregardit."

" Ye mistake," replied the citizen, " I didna mind the shop, nor the proverb ; but I tell ye I had hopit —"

" Ye had hopit," interrupted Arm-

strong, " that the scoundrel Fetterlegs wadna hae cheated us i' the manner he has done. Greatly obliged till yer kindness an favour am I, Mr. Macrandy, an' natheless the little het word I said till ye i' my passion, ye may count upon me as ae sure staff in yer day of need."

" But Sir, Lieutenant Armstrong," said Macrandy, " ye wull mistake what I wad say till ye."

" Not at a', mon ; I dinna wish for yer thanks," answered Willie. " I wad do till ye as ye hae done till me. There's nae luve lost, and as little occasion for ceremony."

"Wull ye hear me ae word, Sir," cried the citizen, whose passion began to kindle.

" Ae word!" answered Armstrong. " Hear my guid friend, Macrandy, ae word; ay, ae hundred thousand, an' why should na I, wha am under sae mony an' sae grand obligations till ye? Say yer say without interruption, for ye may weel ken, I'd suner my tongue were torn

out o' my mouth, than it should molest ye, my very guid friend."

"Weel then, Sir, the reason I came wi' ye sae far," said Macrandy, "was—"

"That I might na gang my lane," cried Armstrong; "ye're the varra kindest o' friends, an' the very principle o' politeness. Ten thousand thanks do I owe ye, an' they're less than is yer due; but I'll hae a heart to thank ye, an' an arm to serve ye, when ye may mair need my services."

"I came wi' ye to visit Mr. Bradshaw," shouted the enraged citizen, who saw he had no other chance to make Armstrong understand him, but the one of vociferation.

"Oh! ye came to visit Mr. Bradshaw!" replied Armstrong, coolly. "What, ye come, I guess, to solicit his custom for yer chandlery wares. I see, I see: I'll speak till him for ye;—ye're a keen tradesman, I ken, Mr. Macrandy; never lose for lack of asking. — Ye are right after a'; every mon for himsel."

"Natheless, I had na the meaning ye wad impute till my coming," replied Macrandy, more soberly; "ye ken varra weel, Mr. Armstrong, that I went o' yer errand wi' the hope o' seeing an' speaking till the charming lassie."

Armstrong lifted up his eyes in pretended astonishment, but the citizen proceeded.

"And, mairower, ye ken that when Fetterlegs disputed yer discharge, you declarit you were mindit to tak me wi' you till his honour's."

Armstrong shook his head.

"I am safe to say it was yer ain proffer, an' yer ain declaration, whilk first gar'd me think o' coming hither," continued Macrandy, "an' ye canna ca' it ceevil treatment, after a' the pains I hae taken i' yer service, an' a' the countenance I hae gi'en ye i' the tollbooth, an' a' the loss I remitted i' the charges, that when, thorough my means an' procurement, ye stand now i' open liberty, ye should,

wi'out faut found, reject an' discountenance me."

"An' wha, Sir," replied Armstrong, seriously and deliberately, "wha is it that ye seek to associate yersel wi'? Can ye (wha are but a chanler an' lieutenant of ae city guard, nae better than a police officer) presume to thrust yersel intill the company of high-born men? Wad ye, Randal Macrandy, a barterer of butter an' cheese, think to be graspit by the hand by Mr. Bradshaw, wha is ane o' the first men of his country? or by Colonel Sydenham, wha is the near friend of our royal master? Hoot awa, mon, yer brain's crackit; ye're gaun gyte, or ye'll ne'er be sae daft."

"Ye made nae matter o' my occupation till now," said the citizen.

"Ye'll no say I promis'd to introduce ye till his honour, wull ye?" cried the Borderer.

"Ye no said it in words, I grant ye," replied Macrandy; "but it seems to me ye gae me as muckle to understond."

"The deil flit awa' wi' me," cried Armstrong, "but ye're the maist impudent chiel I ever came across. Yer head's turned, I trow, wi' passin' ae night in gentle company. What wad his lordship the Provost say, gin he entered this house, and saw Mr. Macrandy seatit in the place of honour? Why, mon, he'd gang distractit wi' envy; for ye may weel ken it's mair than he could hope for himsel. Nane but the lords commissioners an' the first folk are intimately acquent wi' his honour, an' I dinna ken that ye hae done sae muckle service by bearin' ae note for ae half mile, that ye should be an exception. Guid mornin' till ye, Master Macrandy; I hope ye'll be a' the better for my counsel an' caution. Guid mornin', Sir, I'll recômmend yer chanlery, ye may depend; guid mornin'."

He then entered the gate, which he closed after him, leaving the disappointed citizen on the outer side. Macrandy raised himself on his toes to peep over it, but the height exceeded his utmost

stretching. He walked into the middle of the street, and looked up at the windows, hoping to catch the eye of some of the inhabitants who knew him; but as the family commonly sat backward (the other side of the house looking upon an extensive garden), this manœuvre proved to Mr. Macrandy entirely unsuccessful. At length, finding he was not likely to obtain admission, and that his person began to attract the notice of the passers-by (who, knowing him to be the city officer, supposed he was in quest of some obnoxious person, and, with the usual curiosity of the lower orders, began to assemble round him), he left the spot with hasty steps, cursing Armstrong, Mr. Bradshaw, and his own folly.

We must now return to our hero, who, conducted by Mr. Bradshaw, had arrived at that gentleman's house, whence he dispatched a servant to Macgraith, informing him of his safety; justly concluding that his host would be on the tenter-hooks of alarm at his sudden and

prolonged disappearance. Mr. Bradshaw led Sydenham into a breakfasting-room, at the same time shaking him by the hand, and bidding him welcome to his house.

"Although," said he, "our party love not the Cavaliers, yet one may surely welcome an old friend, though he do wear a misbecoming garb."

Sydenham turned his eye upon a large mirror which fronted the door, and was conscious, for the first time, of the awkward and even ridiculous figure he should present to the ladies.

"You may well say my garb is misbecoming, my dear Sir," said he, "for I look more like a scarecrow than a human being."

The puritanical cut which the Colonel had adopted for disguise, did not at all set off his fine figure to advantage; and the straight-haired wig, which had usurped the place of his own naturally curled hair, added much to the *bizarrerie* of his appearance. His dress was besides soiled

and ruffled, his linen stained, and his person unwashed and unshaven; so that, although he passed surprisingly well for a plain unfashionable puritan, his nearest friend would scarcely have recognized the once brilliant and handsome Cavalier, Colonel Charles Sydenham.

"I have one favour to beg, Mr. Bradshaw," said our hero, "and it is, that we may breakfast alone; for, notwithstanding the orders of the Scottish parliament have made us poor Cavaliers assume the dress and manners of their precise worships, yet we still retain too much of the ancient etiquette to dare appear before ladies in our foreign habiliments."

"Use your own pleasure," replied his host; "but I did not before observe that you were dressed otherwise than formerly."

"Oh! by Saint George," cried Sydenham, "you may well believe it is not my own pleasure that forces me to cover my head with an old scratch, and to wear

a doublet and cloak like a Genevese preacher."

"You are young, Colonel Sydenham," replied Mr. Bradshaw, sighing (for he had himself been a fine gentleman in his youth),—"You are young, and fond of worldly vanities; but when the morning of life is over, and the sunshine of novelty is passed by, you will turn your mind to things of more value than the gratification of carnal and fleeting desires. But I intended not to read you a lecture. Sit down; you need your breakfast. Where stays that mad Scotsman? and now I remember, what caused that sad dispute which, as the city lieutenant related to me, brought you and Armstrong to drawn weapons? Sad work! Sad work! when two such friends meet in mortal quarrel."

"We were both faulty," replied Sydenham, "and indeed warm with wine; for last night being the first we had met, since I came to Scotland, Armstrong con-

ducted me to his kinsman's, and you may have heard how deeply the children of the border quaff their liquor. The point of quarrel, in itself, was of no moment; but hot words soon occasioned sharper strife, and we were falling to, when the city guard made us prisoners."

The Borderer now made his appearance, and was warmly received by the old gentleman.

"Weel," cried he, "an' how's the lassie, an' the dame? an' how are ye yersel syne a week an' mair?"

"We are all so well," answered Mr. Bradshaw, "that we hope not to be better. My wife and daughter would have done themselves the pleasure of answering your enquiries personally; but the Colonel, not being dressed for the drawing-room, fears to encounter the acumen of their critical observation."

"Ey, ye're ae sad chiel," said Armstrong, shaking his head at Sydenham, "that canna shew yersel till the ladies in yer disguisement, because yer curling

love-locks are cover'd wi' ae scratch, an' ye wear ae plain doublet of Yorkshire nap, 'stead of a suit of Genoa velvet or Flemish satin. Weel I wot, ye'll be coming here ae day in a' yer pride, an' sae ye'll again visit Mr. Fetterlegs at the tollbooth."

Sydenham smiled; but Mr. Bradshaw shook his head, and said, "Though Colonel Sydenham may always depend upon the uttermost power I have, to secure his liberty and ward him from molestation, yet I trust he will run no unnecessary risks. The times are tickle, and it may not be always in my power to serve him according to my inclination."

Mr. Bradshaw now ordered breakfast, and the table was soon covered with viands as excellent in quality as they were plentiful in quantity. Among the eatables was a dish of kipper, or dried salmon, of which Armstrong ate heartily; but the Colonel, unaccustomed to the

Scots' goût, did not recur to it a second time.

"Ye dinna like the kipper," said Armstrong. "It'll no be till yer southron taste; but gin ye had eaten it as lang's I hae, ye'd leifer hae it than bannock fluke."

"And what is bannock fluke?" said Sydenham.

"Ey, dinna ye ken what bannock fluke is?" answered the Borderer. "It's the same fish ye ca' turbot in England, an' that's guid too. But aiblins ye are mair fond of a dish of crappit heads?"

"A dish of what?" said Sydenham.

"Ae dish of crappit heads," answered Armstrong.

"I really don't understand you," said the Colonel.

"He means a dish composed of haddocks and oatmeal," said Mr Bradshaw; "of which the Scots are very fond, and which they call crappit heads."

"I never tasted the dish," rejoined

Sydenham, "and I scarcely think I should like it, if I did."

"Ye are ower nice, I'm fearing," cried Armstrong; "though ye ken, sometimes saucy dogs eat dirty puddins. I wot ye think ae haggis or a dish of collops no fit to bring till ae table."

"I am entirely ignorant," replied Sydenham, "of the dishes and messes of your country, Armstrong."

"Messes! ye could but ca' em messes, gin they were dogs' meat," cried the Marchman; "an I trow, after a's said an' done, they're far better, an' mair fit for a christian's diet, than the ragouts, an' fricassees, an' olios, an' olla podridas, ye got in France an' Flanders."

"Ay, my good fellow, and so they may to you," cried the Colonel; "but taste is every thing. Doubtless, had I been a Scotsman, I should have preferred your dish of what d'ye call it, to all the ragouts in the world."

"Ye winna pretend now," said Armstrong, "that ye've clean forgotten the

names of sic dishes as ae haggis, an' Scots collops, an' bannock fluke, an' kipper, an crappit heads?—It's impossible, ye're ainly affecting it."

At this speech, Sydenham and Mr. Bradshaw laughed heartily, seeing the Borderer took the bad memory of the Colonel, regarding the Caledonian dishes, in such dudgeon; but he thought of it more seriously, muttering to himself, "Weel, weel, there's nae accountin' for tastes, as the auld carline said when she kissit baudrons. Muckle guid may yer fricassees do ye; but gie me ae platter of crappit heads."

When they arose from breakfast, the Borderer returned to his kinsman's, and Sydenham walked towards Macgraith's, in company with Mr. Bradshaw, who had business with the Council. They parted at the head of the street where Macgraith lived, and each took his separate way.

CHAP. IX.

When she looks out by night,
  The stars stand gazing;
Like comets to our sight,
  Fearfully blazing;
As wond'ring at her eyes,
  With their much brightness,
Which so amaze the skies,
  Dimming their lightness:
The raging tempests are calm,
  When she speaketh,
Such most delightsome balm,
  From her lips breaketh.

DRAYTON.

It had been settled in the morning, before the Cavaliers left the house of Mr. Bradshaw, that they should both return there to dine. Indeed the Borderer had little need of invitation, for he made a practice of bestowing his company, at least one day in the week, upon the hospitable Englishman. Mr. Bradshaw had, from long aquaintance, contracted a partiality for Armstrong, who, being equally a

favourite with his wife and daughter, was considered as a kind of retainer to their house. He had been among the first to welcome that gentleman's arrival in Scotland, when the bigotry of the republican party (at the head of which was his brother) had driven him from his native country; and although the Borderer was of a party as dissimilar to the Presbyterians, as that faction which Mr. Bradshaw had left in England, yet misfortune had lessened his enthusiasm, and taught him the inutility and wickedness of those distinctions which had caused the ruin of the three kingdoms. Hence he was disposed to co-operate with all parties, who would join in restoring the King to his throne, upon the principle of civil and religious liberty; and although his colleagues of the Scottish council and ministry were displeased at his toleration, yet he was a man of too much interest in his own country to slight or to offend, and they rarely refused his interference, even

when exerted on behalf of the most malignant Cavaliers. We need not here further expatiate upon this head, the effects of which our readers have perceived in the release of Sydenham and the Borderer from the keeping of Mr. Fetterlegs.

Mr. Bradshaw had scarcely returned home from the Council, when Armstrong made his re-appearance. He had changed his dress, and was now habited in a doublet of green velvet laced with gold, small clothes of the same colour and material, and a cloak, which had once been crimson, but was now somewhat faded from its original splendour: he had also managed to put his legs into silk hose, a fashion which, as he had not the most courtly foot in the world, did not carry much attraction from his example: his hair, as was usual with the Cavaliers, was fully curled, and his side was adorned with a long spado or Spanish rapier. We cannot pretend to say what opinion Armstrong had of his own personal charms,

when aided by the advantages of his fine dress; but we must declare, that, to our taste, the rough-clad warlike Borderer appeared a personage much more gallant and respectable than the Cavalier in his tawdry and tarnished finery. He advanced without ceremony into the sitting-room, where he found Mr. Bradshaw, his wife and daughter. The years which had passed since we left this worthy family at their mansion near Chapel-en-le-Frith, had deprived the mother of those graces, which they had bestowed upon the daughter. Esther was now eighteen years of age, and might certainly vie (vanity apart) with any damsel of her age that Great Britain could boast of. Her shape, combining symmetry with animation, could alone be surpassed by the unrivalled beauty of her face, which teemed with an enchanting sweetness; her neck and forehead, when uncovered by the natural curls of her jet black hair, appeared a mould of the finest ivory; and her cheeks (when their colour was heightened by active ex-

ercise) resembled its polish, enriched with the tint of the rosebud; her eyes, so far as their dazzling radiance would admit of inspection, seemed of the same jet as her hair; a beautifully straight nose of the true English form; beneath which her pouting lips (inclosing a perfect set of teeth) shone eminently conspicuous, and a chin, which the finest *mentons* of France or Italy could not surpass, formed a *tout-ensemble* highly prepossessing. Nor were her qualities and accomplishments, inferior to her personal attractions; for although she had never been from under the care of her parents, yet she had been fully instructed in all profitable and elegant acquirements by private tutors, acting under the superintendance and direction of her father. Mr. Bradshaw was himself a man of infinite learning, and as (we have before remarked) he had been in his youth a man of pleasure, and of the world, he was perfectly well versed in all the ornamental as well as useful ac-

complishments, which could render his daughter as elegant as she was amiable. The fashion of the times (alas! how disagreeable to the fashion of our day*), required young ladies of fortune not only to be skilled in the French and Italian languages, which they were taught to speak purely and grammatically; but, that they should not be ignorant of classical knowledge; and Mr. Bradshaw found his daughter so apt a scholar, and so fond of the tongues of Sappho and Horace, that, by his unwearied instructions, she was soon able to read either in the original. She had moreover tuned her lyre with the trembling hand of a youthful poetess, and had (if our judgment may be credited) flown with no common wing; but our readers may judge for themselves. The following translation of the celebrated dialogue of Horace and Lydia, is one of many "jeux d'esprit," which descended with her cabinet to her children.

* Editorial interpolation.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN HORACE AND LYDIA.

HOR. As dear as the brothers * to sailors storm-driven,
In darkness expecting the first star of heaven,
I once was to Lydia. Thy neck so enchanting,
Thy bosom so melt'ng, with tenderness panting,
No lovelier youth then had press'd, while his lip
Ambrosial nectar from thine dared to sip:
More happy, ah then, was thy lover than he
Who rules Persia's empire, but rules without thee.

LYD. Oh yes, while to others thy heart was as frozen,
As Thule, tho' plac'd mid the warm streams of love;
Nor unfaithful to me, thy wild frenzy had chosen
Another thy ravings of passion to south.
Thou wast lov'd by thy Lydia, oh words cannot tell
The extent of the fire which then burn'd in this breast;
Not Rome's glorious mother great Ilia, so well
Lov'd the god who embrac'd her, the child she caress'd.

HOR. A daughter of Crete, beauteous Chloe, now loves me;
With her harp's sweetest notes she awaken'd my flame;
To save her would I die, and the hour that removes me;
Shall give to my hearing those bless'd sounds again.

LYD. With love that is mutual, Calaïs and I,
But form one great heart, and for him would I die;
Ay, twenty times o'er, if my death could him save,
From the sleep of the tomb, from the jaws of the grave.

HOR. What if again old Love should return,
And former fires should reviving burn?
And lovely Chloe should yield to thee,
My heart, and arms, and liberty?
If my hitherto closed gates should sever,
And Lydia receive for ever and ever?

* Castor and Pollux.

LYD. Though fairer Calaïs than the morning star,
And thou than the cork art lighter far;
Tho' he is as mild as the zephyr of morn,
And thou as rough as the ocean storm;
Yet turn once again, to this bosom fly,
With thee I'll live, with thee I'll die.*

Esther Bradshaw was of a temper as amiable as she was superior in capacity: her heart was warm, sensible and sincere, without any alloy of pride or petulance: in matters of charity, she was the genius

* There are, perhaps, some critics who will object to this translation, as unbecoming the delicacy of a young and modest female; but if there are such, we must say that, to us, their criticisms will appear fastidious in the extreme. It is certainly no consequence of a woman's acquaintance with Horace, Ovid, nor even Martial and Tibullus, that her mind must be thereby vitiated; and our learned readers will mark, that in this translation the pure and chaste spirit of the translator has softened down the animal passion of Horatius Flaccus. After all, our readers must pass what censure they please; but they will be pleased to recollect that, in condemning our heroine, they also condemn every illustrious female of that age, from Queen Elizabeth and her unfortunate rival Mary of Scotland, to Mrs. Macauley and Mrs. Centlivre, all of whom (and they are only examples indifferently selected) were habituated to read and to translate the poetry (as well amatory as heroic and bacchanalian) of the ancients.—Author of the MS.

of benevolence; and the poor Scots, to whom, whilst in Edinburgh, she doled out a daily alms, were wont to call her the "angel o' mercy." Her only fault, (if fault it might be called, which was the offspring of humanity), was an excessive credulity, which led her to believe improbable narratives of distress, having no foundation but in the pretended sufferer's fancy. Hence she was easily imposed upon; yet although she had received warning from many discoveries of imposture, experience did not make her one whit more cautious; but at the very next attempt, she was as easily deceived as before. With these charms and accomplishments, and the known extent of her father's fortune, it may be easily imagined the youthful Esther wanted not admirers. Many a poor Scottish Earl sighed or pretended to sigh in her chains; and had she not been a maiden of amazing discretion, it is to be feared her head would have turned with the high seasoning of their admiration. *Inter*

alios, Simon Murray Lord Caryfort, condescended to stoop from his peerage, and sought to match with the daughter of an English commoner. Murray was about thirty years of age, and had a person by no means disagreeable; he was shrewd and sensible, and had improved his qualities of intelligence by study and travel; but he was not that sort of a romantic hero likely to make an impression upon the heart of a young female; for although he was not at all deficient in politeness and assiduity, yet he had too much the air of a cunning calculator, ever to win confidence or reciprocal attachment. If, however, he was not the favourite of Esther, he was very much so of her father, whose heart he had gained by a most ardent though pretended patriotism: he called out with all the heat, and all the falsehood of Sempronius himself, and when he appeared to be most intent upon the freedom and the glory of his country, his heart was no more interested in either than as they served him

in gaining Mr. Bradshaw's friendship, and thereby opening a road to a marriage with his daughter. He had been abroad when the troubles commenced, and foreseeing neither honour nor advantage to himself were he to take part in the struggle, he continued his travels until after the death of King Charles, when he returned to his native country. Lord Caryfort had not been long in Edinburgh, before he became acquainted with Mr. Bradshaw, at whose house, in company with the Duke of Hamilton, the Earl of Lauderdale, and other leaders of the more moderate presbyterian party, he frequently visited. On first beholding Esther, he scrutinized her, not as a stranger struck with the charms of peerless beauty, but as a connoisseur surveying a statue of Praxiteles or Michel Agnolo.

" What grace ?" he exclaimed to one of the other noblemen, " what delicacy, and yet what expression of feature! what harmony of tone !—and then again the figure,—were it something more embon-

point, your Venus de Medicis were not half so lovely."

He did not fail to make immediate inquiries into her father's affairs, and when he had obtained certain information of Mr. Bradshaw's opulence, he cultivated (as we have before remarked) that gentleman's friendship with all imaginable cunning and assiduity. As yet he contented himself with displaying his wit and his acquired knowledge to Miss Bradshaw, without assuming before her the character of a lover; expecting that when he had entirely gained over her father to his views, the hand of the daughter would follow as a matter of course. And in this hypothesis Murray was by no means incorrect, for if he could have obtained from Mr. Bradshaw a promise of his daughter's hand, his business had been done, and he would have insured his chance with the young lady; but when he once urged this topic to her father, the worthy Englishman declared the choice of his daughter should direct his

judgment; and he was so confident of her prudence, and of her respect for the honour of his family, that he would never place the slightest restraint upon the bent of her own inclination.

"Win her, and wear her," said the old gentleman; "such a girl is worth some trouble; and besides, your dispositions will be the better known to each other by the good old fashioned mode of courtship."

But this was precisely what Caryfort wished to avoid; for although he was not of a temper positively bad, and could besides cloak its inequalities as well as most men breathing, yet he feared a close examination, and would willingly have shunned it. However, he was resolved to abide the test, rather than give up the prize; and had actually come to a resolution, on the morning of that day which commences this chapter, of declaring himself in form. We hope to be pardoned for this departure (as the lawyers have it), and shall now return to our friends in the sitting-room.

The dissimilarity between the manners of the Borderer, and the old courtier-like appearance of his dress, was so evident as to strike all beholders with admiration. On entering the room, he advanced to the ladies, and in his usual hasty manner cried out, "Ah! ah! Mistress Bradshaw! yer servant Madame! Miss Esther! guid mornin', the top of the mornin' till ye.—Ye look like the queen o' the fairies, washit i' the dew of heaven."

"Bless me!" replied the old lady, "how gallant you are grown, Lieutenant; you have surely become scholar to Colonel Sydenham of late. I hear he is very polite. And why came ye not together?"

"The Colonel," answered Armstrong, "lodges wi' Captain Macgraith, an' ye ken he lives at t'ane end of the town, an' my kinsman at t'ither; an' it's no safe nor prudent to walk Edinbro' streets wi' sic claethin' as this."

"You are right, Lieutenant," said Mr. Bradshaw, "the danger is more than spe-

culative in the present complexion of the times. You would have done as well had you kept on the dress you wore this morning.'

"Beggin' yer honour's pardon," replied Willie, "it's no for ae Cavalier to come afore leddies in ae Border doublet an' jack-boots. Ye weel ken Miss Esther saw me once in my horsing dress, an' she said I lookit like the captain of a band of thieves."

"Thieves! no, no, Lieutenant," cried Miss Bradshaw laughing; "I said you had the figure of an outlaw captain."

"It's a' ane, my dear lassie," replied Armstrong; "thief an' outlaw differ but in name."

"Yea, but thief is the more ignominious by far, and I could never give you such an appellation," said the young lady.

"Ignominious!" cried Armstrong; "there's naething disgracefu' in the occupation itsell, an' as little shame can stick till the name on't. I had nae mean-

in' that ye question'd my honour, by ca'-ing me ae thief, or an outlaw, for baith t'ane an' t'ither hae mysel an' my forbears bin syne time of memory; but the riders of the Border are no used till fashionable dressing, an' I trow ye meant, I might hae just come frae ae drive, that I dressit sae ill."

This was all High Dutch to the ladies; but their curiosity (if they had any) was balked of its gratification by the annunciation of Lord Caryfort. Mr. Bradshaw advanced to the door to welcome his friend, and Armstrong instantly turned to his daughter, and said, "Here's a chiel wi' ae tongue as glib, an' ae heart as fause, as the arch fiend himsell. Mind his leer; it says as meikle as I mean to cheat ye in spite of yer teeth. But ye'll no cheat me, my Lord Caryfort! I ken ye as weel's I ken mysel. Natheless he's siccan ae crafty body, ye ken he's ae right dainty fop, wi' his satin doublet, an' slashit sleeves."

The Borderer muttered these expressions as the nobleman advanced, with sin-

gular signs of respect and politeness, to the upper part of the room. The ladies rose to receive him; but Esther, so soon as she had received his compliments, of which he was very profuse, resumed her seat, and remained taciturn. Lord Carysfort had often met Armstrong before, and nodded to him with the familiarity of old acquaintance. The Borderer returned his salute with equal freedom, and cried out, "Weel, my Lord, hae ye bin at court this mornin'? Wull yer friends accept the services of us poor Cavaliers?

"Were my friends of my mind," replied his Lordship, "they would accept the services of every lover of his country, without regard to party distinctions, civil or religious; and I do hope, before the army sets forth, that all tests may be abolished, and that each soldier who will carry arms, may be allowed to strike for liberty and his king."

"Ye wad na hae the King wi' ye without," said Armstrong, "gin he were of

my mind. The cause is no likely to prosper while Cavaliers wha could back his Majesty wi' ae thousand men and mair, are forcit to skulk under ae shade."

"And who are these men, of power so great?" said Caryfort.

"Wha?" exclaimed Armstrong: "why, ye ken, there's Colonel Charles Sydenham, the best officer in the King's party. Were he to shew his head, the English Cavaliers wad swarm round him like bees."

"And where is Colonel Sydenham?" said Murray. "I thought he had returned to France."

"Nay, but he lay wi' me last night in the tollbooth," answered the Borderer; "an' but for the favour of Mr. Bradshaw, we might hae bin in the stane jug till now."

"The Colonel will be here to-day," said Mr. Bradshaw, "and you will have an opportunity of becoming acquainted with him."

"I do know something of him by re-

port," replied Caryfort. "Fame bespeaks him the most accomplished gentleman of the age; but if he is gifted with all the virtues, and all the attractions which give lustre to virtue, I hear he is no little celebrated for that spirit of gallantry and dissipation, which is certainly (though seldom so esteemed) its alloy."

We know not what feeling at this moment operated upon Miss Bradshaw, but a deep blush suffused her face and neck with scarlet: it might perhaps be the delicacy of her mind, which, taking alarm at the mention of immorality, communicated its terror to her corporeal frame. Whatever it might be (and we leave the enquiry with our readers), she was obliged to rise from her seat and walk to the window, to hide her emotion. But Armstrong, on this charge brought against his friend, began to snort with anger; which, however, he endeavoured to repress in the company of the ladies; though it is not to be doubted, that had he been in a proper

place, he would have utterly defied the accuser.

"Ye may say what ye list, my Lord Caryfort," exclaimed the Marchman; "but I'll haud my life till ae boddle, Colonel Sydenham's as guid a man, an' as free frae blemish or stain, as ony saul living; an' ye'll pardon me for saying, that it's to be believed yer Lordship has done wisely in laying yer accusation behint his back."

Caryfort's ears tingled at this reproof; but he was so used to command himself, that he lost not his temper.

"I waive the personality of your reply," said the Peer, smiling, "for I believe you have been his officer, and are consequently his warm and devoted friend; but you might perceive, Mr. Armstrong, that I spake only from report, though I could adduce authorities, neither few nor light, for my observation."

"The best an' bravest of yer authorities," replied Armstrong, "wad need

mair than his natral courage, were the Colonel to overhear his slander."

"Come, come, my worthy friends," said Mr. Bradshaw, "there is small occasion for such warmth, upon a subject which his Lordship confesses to be merely hearsay. I doubt not, when Lord Caryfort becomes acquainted with our friend Sydenham, he will be convinced that the accusation which he has heard deserves little credit."

"I shall be most happy," replied his Lordship, "to be disabused on this point; and I am inclined to believe I shall be, since Colonel Sydenham is so esteemed a friend of your family."

"We have known him since infancy," said Mr. Bradshaw; "and although the unhappy differences of the country found us engaged on opposite sides, yet Charles Sydenham behaved with so friendly a regard, that party prejudices were obliterated, and we have since retained for him an almost parental affection."

"His father is still living," said Caryfort.

"Yea, and his mother likewise," answered Mr. Bradshaw: "they still reside at Rouen, and await the event of this contest before they resolve on their return."

"He is here," exclaimed Esther (who had been at the window, whence she perceived a man enter the gate enveloped in a large loose cloak and a Spanish hat, deeply flapped).

"Who is it you mean, Esther?" enquired her father; but her heart beat too wildly to admit of her giving an audible reply; and before Mr. Bradshaw could reiterate his question, a servant announced "Colonel Sydenham."

The Cavalier entered the room, not as Mr. Bradshaw had expected to see him, in his disguise, but in a full court suit of white satin, gorgeously worked with silver flowers; his ruff or tippet was of superb Flanders lace, and his boots (of the most

delicate buff) were adorned with his golden spurs of knighthood; his rapier, depending by a golden carriage, had been presented to him by his late Majesty, the hilt of which was studded with diamonds; and around his neck he wore a portrait of the King, attached by a white ribbon, his Majesty's favourite colour. His hair was dressed pretty much in the same manner as Armstrong's; but upon the left side hung several long ringlets or love-locks, which, if his features had not been very manly, would have given him a soft and effeminate appearance. We shall not again go over the character of his face, nor of his address; it is sufficient to say he was considered a more handsome man than the young Duke of Buckingham, and a more polite one than the accomplished but unprincipled Lord Wilmot.

Armstrong, on seeing him, held up his hands, and testified his amazement with such a ludicrous distortion of countenance, that Mrs. Bradshaw, who sat by

him, could not refrain from laughter. Mr. Bradshaw first introduced Sydenham to Lord Caryfort, and then to his wife, who received the Colonel with open arms.

"And where's Esther?" said her father. "Why, Esther! do you not remember Colonel Sydenham, your friend and play-fellow? But you knew him at the gate, and cannot have forgotten him in half a minute."

The Colonel walked towards the window where Miss Bradshaw stood, expecting to find her little altered, and that little nothing for the better, from what she was when he left her at Bradshaw Hall; but he was disappointed, amazed, and delighted in a moment. He had left her a Hebe, he found her a Venus; he had left her a beautiful child, he found her an enchanting woman. He could scarcely believe his eyes: he stopped short, fearing he was about to make a mistake, for he had advanced with all the gaiety of long established friendship.

Esther had cast her eyes down, and now appeared one of those beauties which a barbarous love for the arts consigned as a model to the Grecian painter, blushing at the examination of her charms.

"Am I right?" said Sydenham to Mr. Bradshaw. "Is this your daughter, Sir? If not, I have to make a thousand apologies for my freedom."

"Oh! you're right," replied her father. "It's Esther, sure enough, unless I am deceived by some of the northern sorcery. Why stand you there, daughter, without speaking to our old friend?"

She raised her eyes, and met those of Sydenham, who immediately caught her by the hand, and pressed it to his lips.

"Miss Bradshaw, I fear," said the Colonel, "forgets those hours which we spent at Wibberley so happily together."

She uttered no reply.

"I am sure," continued Sydenham, "that she has a heart too angelic to let the misfortunes of her friends weigh any thing but kindly in her estimation."

Still no answer; though it was apparent she struggled with emotion. At length a tear dropped upon the Colonel's glove, which he had drawn on entering the room, and she instantly withdrew her hand and turned to the window. We cannot venture to assert that Sydenham, for the first time in his life, felt the flame of love; but it is certain that his heart had in the last five minutes been taken by storm, for he folded the glove which had imbibed his mistress's tear, and deposited it in his breast. At this gallant action, which Miss Bradshaw happened to observe, (for thinking he had returned to the company, she ventured to look round), her disorder could no longer be concealed, and she abruptly left the room.

CHAP. X.

She listened with a flitting blush,
With down cast eyes and modest grace;
And she forgave me that I gaz'd,
Too fondly on her face.

COLERIDGE.

THE interview between Sydenham and Miss Bradshaw had been watched with painful anxiety by more than one person. Murray, who saw in the Colonel (if he should prove a competitor for the hand of Esther) a rival so much superior to himself, and all others, that he was sure of the prize, glared upon them with the eyes of a lynx; and Mrs. Bradshaw, whose maternal penetration had discerned something extraordinary in the superabundant emotion of her daughter on the Colonel's arrival, saw, with concern, that emotion increased by his address. We do not mean

to insinuate a dislike of Sydenham by Mrs. Bradshaw, who really held him in great estimation; but she was fearful that the accusation of Caryfort was not without foundation, and that the young Cavalier, although possessed of eminent virtues, was yet a slave to the fopperies and dissipation of the pleasurable world. Sydenham was, moreover, a high churchman, and the old lady was confident that Mr. Bradshaw (however he might esteem the Colonel) would never so far conquer his prejudices, as to match his daughter with one whom he accounted a supporter of arbitrary power. She also knew her husband's wishes regarding Caryfort, and that nobleman was sufficiently well in her favour to command her hearty consent. These weighty points passed before the mirror of her mind, like the ghosts of Ossian passing over a cloud, and revealing impending woe: she trembled for the happiness of her child; and when Esther withdrew, she followed her out of the room. Mr. Bradshaw had been en-

gaged in chat by the Borderer, who warded his observation as effectually as if he had been a thorough-bred pimp. It seemed to Murray that he had been set on this office by Sydenham, and at the moment the Colonel placed the silken glove in his breast, he observed the Borderer place himself in such an attitude as entirely screened the lovers (we may now call them so) from his sight. Enraged that so barefaced a manœuvre should be acted before his face, he inwardly vowed to call Sydenham to account, at a place and hour fitting; nor was he restrained from his determination by any fear of the Colonel's courage or weapon-skill. Caryfort, although he had not that kind of Orlando-like spirit which seeks danger as a path to glory, yet possessed that more moderate, but as inflexible fortitude, with which Cromwell was endowed, and which enabled him to overcome men more furious but less steady than himself. It was this sort of placid resolution (from which he seldom swerved) which taught

Murray, when boiling inwardly with rage, to preserve his presence of mind, and shew to his rival a calm and undisturbed, and even smiling countenance. Mr. Bradshaw turned to Sydenham, when the ladies quitted the room, and asked him what he thought of Esther? "She's somewhat improved since you left us at the Hall," said he; "but she still retains her old bashfulness, you see."

"She's an angel; she's an absolute divinity," cried the enthusiastic Cavalier. "The fairest face at the French court, compared with her's, is swarthy and plain; the finest figure that ever walked a minuet with Louis himself, is an embryo statue to this Venus de Medicis."

"Very gallantly spoken, on my faith," cried Mr. Bradshaw, laughing; "why, you'll try to persuade me next, that she's not to be excelled by any lady of your own party."

"She's not to be excelled in Europe, Sir," replied Sydenham; "and I might say, with equal justice, in the world. I

am positive my Lord Caryfort will bear me out (as questionless he has travelled) that neither in France, Italy, nor any other kingdom or state, which he has visited, was there any female whose beauty of face and figure might compare with Miss Bradshaw."

"I must confess," said Murray, "that Miss Bradshaw more resembles the enchanting figures of Raffaello's inspiration, than any earthly creature."

"It is well, my good Sirs," said Mr. Bradshaw, "that the girl is out of the room, or I should have some fear for her sanity. But what say you, Lieutenant? What do you think of Esther?"

"Why, Sir," replied Armstrong, "I was just thinkin she wad mak ae guid wifie for ae honest mon; for her face an figure are clean naething i' the scale wi' her kindly heart an' canny temper. Its no to be said that ae child of clay is like till an angel of heaven i' the body; but ye may safely swear she's a saunt i' the spirit. I'm no given, as the Colonel wull tell ye,

to moralizing o' this gate, but ae truth's a truth, and the deil mayna blacken it."

"Miss Bradshaw," said Sydenham, "is worthy to mount a throne; and by Saint George, I know not what man may pretend to deserve her."

"I ken but ane," cried Armstrong, "an he's ae Cavalier just of yer ain age an' make."

"Whatever gentleman you mean," said Mr. Bradshaw, interrupting the Borderer, "the marriage of a Cavalier with my daughter is quite impracticable. Her fortune depends entirely upon my brother, the President, who is the next heir male, on my decease, of our entailed estate; and is he likely to consent to such a match?"

"I should imagine not," cried Caryfort, somewhat triumphantly.

"But Sir," said Sydenham, "all men are not so mercenary as to demand a fortune. Your daughter is a richer treasure in herself, than the mines of Potosi."

"Ay, and those of Peru till the boot," echoed the Borderer, in a tone declaring that objection was not insuperable.

"But my dear Sir," said Mr. Bradshaw, "suppose a Cavalier could be found so disinterested as to take a beggar to his arms, is it for me, her father, to suffer such a marriage, which might entail upon her, when her husband's passion had cooled, the curse of his regret, and perhaps of his abhorrence ?"

Murray shook his head, in confirmation of Mr. Bradshaw's argument; but Sydenham said somewhat warmly, "Such a man as you describe, Sir, can never be found among men of honour. He must be a pitiful driveller who cries for a toy one moment, and, with childish impatience, throws it from him the next. — No, Sir, I have too great an opinion of Heaven's justice to think it will ever suffer its master-piece to become the degraded instrument of a ruffian's momentary passion."

"It is not always possible," said Mur-

ray, " to detect the true characters of men; and you may be engaged with such a driveller as the Colonel speaks of before you can discern the streak in his coat."

" Ay, ay, ye're e'en right, my Lord;" replied Armstrong; " there's nae living saul can match yer Lordship for reekin' intill character."

The peer took no notice of this rub; but proceeded, "And indeed if this phantom Cavalier could be found, which of us knoweth not that the head of an honourable house would do wrong, so far to lessen his family honour, as to marry his daughter without portion or heritage, when both the one and the other might be given with a hand as even: are there not men sufficiently honourable, sufficiently wealthy, and sufficiently endowed with the gifts of nature and education, but Mr. Bradshaw must perforce resort to the Cavaliers? I mean no disparagement to the gentlemen of that party; but there seems to me no good reason for

giving up a considerable estate, when there is no object to be obtained by the sacrifice."

"Your phantom, my Lord," replied Armstrong, "is natheless of as guid flesh an bleid as ever drew brand or bestrid battle horse, an' has gar'd yer friends o' the ither party quake i'their shoon wi'the varra terror of his name."

"He would do well to declare himself," replied Murray.

"Not so," said Mr. Bradshaw, "for it would grieve me, were he a friend, to refuse his addresses; and I cannot fancy that an enemy would seek to match with my family."

"But under the cloak of friendship, Sir," said Murray, "a man may do you the worst offices of an enemy."

"The Cavaliers, my Lord," answered Sydenham, pretty haughtily, "are not accustomed to play the assassin."

"Gin they strike," echoed the Borderer, "it's openly; fair play, an' nae favour."

"As I have before remarked," said Caryfort, "I do not mean to impeach the general character of the Cavaliers; but there are exceptions to all rules and all parties."

"Aye; but deil hae me," cried the Borderer, "gin I can see for the life o' me, how ye can pretend to judge ae mon's character till ye ken wha he is. Ye may afore ye ken his person, as we hae whiles seen; but ye maun hae the Highland second sight, ere ye can say siccan ae chiel is this, afore ye hae heard his name."

"I do not, Lieutenant," replied Murray, "pretend to judge at all; I wish to put our friend on his guard; and I should hold myself unworthy a place in his esteem, if I neglected this precaution. It is as impossible for you or the Colonel to answer for the honour of every individual of your party, as honestly and candidly I confess it to be for Mr. Bradshaw or myself to sustain the rectitude of all persons upon ours."

The dispute was here broken off, by one of the servants coming to inform Mr. Bradshaw, that the Earl of Argyle (the most bitter foe of the Cavaliers) was below stairs.

"The Earl of Argyle!" replied his master; "he must not see you, Sydenham: your life were scarcely in safety if he did."

"My life, Sir," replied Sydenham, "I hold at no man's pleasure, whilst my hand can guard it."

"It is not your present danger I fear," said Mr. Bradshaw; "but were it known you were out and undisguised, your liberty would soon be retrenched."

"I'll dispose of him," said Armstrong. "Come awa, Colonel, ye need na shame of fleeing when ye canna fight. The day may come when ye'll haud ae hond as high as Argyle or ony mon of his faction."

The Borderer, who intimately knew the house, conducted Sydenham into a back sitting-room, from which a door opened

upon a flight of steps leading to the garden. The Cavaliers descended, and walked down an alley, formed by hedges of box on either side, which led to a small pond and *jet d'eau*, adorned in the Italian style with images of Thetis and her nymphs as the Naiads of the fountain. Here they stood, watching the play of the water-cast.

"What think ye now of the mountain daisy?" said Armstrong. "Is she to be slighted? or wull ye confess that yer ain saying was true, an' she is the bonniest lassie in Europe?"

"I prithee, Armstrong, do not make me mad," replied the Colonel; "she is too fair, too good, too excellent, in every quality to be mine. She is so far above my desert, so far exceeding my very hopes, that I may but gaze and tremble, without daring to expect her favour."

He then threw himself on a seat, and clasped his hands over his eyes; but presently remembering his glove, he drew it from his breast, and with all the over-

strained passion of that passionate age, fell to kissing it with inconceivable rapture.

"This happy glove," he exclaimed, "this fortunate glove, to catch the pearl falling from those orient stars; to imbibe that dew, more precious than the virgin dew of Heaven. Henceforth be thou mine amulet, my charm. Thou shalt lie in my bosom, and rest on my pillow; thou shalt be my attendant by day, and my companion by night. We will part not but with life: yea, by Saint George I swear, he that attempts to rive thee from my breast, shall first pierce it with his weapon."

Armstrong watched Sydenham in silence during this speech, and concluded, from its singular tenor, that he was absolutely deranged. The Borderer was utterly unacquainted with the passion of love, and much more so with those extravagances which the court gallants of that time, both in France and England, were habituated to run into. He had come

"Ye may fight every day in the week," said Armstrong, "an' every hour in the day, an' every minute in the hour, unless she's lockit up the hail o' the time."

"Well, Sir, and I will fight," cried Sydenham, "every day in the week, and every hour in the day, and every minute in the hour: my whole life, Sir, shall be an incessant combat against the ravishers of my happiness. I stand upon nature's first law, self-preservation, and my life is not worth a thought if she become another's; but I will never witness so horrible a consummation. The bridal march shall be over my mangled corse."

"May I never see that day, holy Saint Jude," * exclaimed Armstrong.

Sydenham rose from his seat, and traversed the walk leading to the pond with amazing celerity. His countenance,

* We have often remarked in the course of the MS. that Armstrong has in his oaths and exclamations a leaven of the Romanist, which we can only account for by supposing he acquired it in his Flemish campaigns.

which usually bore the traits of gentleness and sensibility, was now entirely transformed, and a fierce expression of vengeance and desperate resolution had usurped its lineaments. Armstrong stood regarding his friend with a mingled look of pity and surprise.

" He's clean wude," said the Marchman, " or to say the least demented. How the deil to get him out o' the scrape's e'en past my comprehension: an' then for Caryfort, he'll beard him till his face, an' we shall hae the Council about our lugs. Wha could hae fancied the Colonel siccan ae camsteary callant, when till now he's ne'er tint his temper, in wet or dry, het or cauld? Mony's the day I hae ken'd him ride till the charge wi' ae braid grin on his face, an' he looks now like he had bin sair beaten."

As this soliloquy concluded, Sydenham came up hastily, and said, " You shall bear my invitation to this lordling. This very night shall see him or me a cold clod of earth, incapable of interrupting

the other's good fortune. Here, Sir," said Sydenham, unbuckling his sword, " he may measure my weapon or bring a case."

" It wad be better, Colonel Sydenham," replied Armstrong, " gin ye were to defer yer challenge till we hae quitted this hospitable house. Ill return wad it be till the owner's kindness, to blurt his wa's wi' bleid, an' Caryfort may tak ye at ae word. But here he comes himsel, an' sae use yer discretion."

The Colonel turned upon his heel and fronted the alley down which his rival hastily walked. Sydenham, with a triumphant but fierce smile, deliberately rebuckled his sword to the carriage. Lord Caryfort, on reaching the place where the Cavalier stood, bowed in a way somewhat between haughty and respectful, and Sydenham slightly returned the salutation. Silence was first broken by Murray, who with his usual sobriety said, " Colonel Sydenham will pardon me for interrupting his privacy, when he is in-

formed that I seek from him an explanation of an action, strange and surprising, which escaped him in his interview with Miss Bradshaw."

Sydenham bit his lip, and adjusted the carriage of his rapier; but Caryfort, little daunted by these indications of anger, proceeded: "It can scarcely be unknown to Colonel Sydenham, I know it is not to Lieutenant Armstrong, that I have made an offer of my hand and title to Miss Bradshaw, through the medium of her father; which offer, so far as parents have authority, has been accepted both by that gentleman and his lady. I was utterly unconscious at the time that Colonel Sydenham, the gallant Cavalier, was known and prized by Mr. Bradshaw the presbyterian; and my astonishment may easily be guessed, when I saw you, Sir, in your salutation of the young lady, not only press her hand to your lips, which is a greater freedom than propriety warrants; but further, I watched ye, Sir, place your glove, upon which the tears

of the silly girl had fallen, within your bosom. What am I to expect from this action?"

These latter words were spoken in an angry and bitter tone; but they seemed to recall Sydenham from his fever; for with his usual calmness he turned towards Armstrong, and smiled with the most significant contempt.

"Am I to have an answer?" cried Caryfort, enraged at the manner in which his enquiry had been received.

"Yes," replied the Colonel softly, "such an answer as I usually give to those who are impertinently curious."

"This to me!" cried the furious Peer, who appeared now to have changed dispositions with the Cavalier. "Ye'd better have clipped yer wit, Sir, unless ye were sure of yer weapon."

"I commonly am so," replied Sydenham, without emotion; "my sword and my hand are so frequently in the habit of meeting, that they are pretty well acquainted."

"Will ye forego your pursuit?" cried Caryfort.

"I tell ye, no," replied the Cavalier, whose wrath was again getting up.

"Then draw, Sir, and defend yourself," cried Murray, unsheathing his sword. "You shall either relinquish your mistress or your life."

"By Saint George," cried Sydenham, gaily, and drawing his rapier, "I will do neither the one nor the other."

"We shall soon see," replied his rival, attacking him with great intrepidity, and considerable skill; but he had not made three pushes before a shriek was heard at a little distance from the spot, and Miss Bradshaw flew towards the combatants. Caryfort, who seemed resolved to make an effectual thrust before they were separated, lunged at his rival over the arm; but Sydenham, adroitly parrying the blow, by a forcible glizade, disarmed his adversary, whose sword pitched into the pond. Miss Bradshaw reached them at this moment, and, overcome with terror,

would have sunk to the ground, had not the Colonel caught her in his arms.

"I am at your mercy, Sir," said Caryfort, "thanks to your fortune; and I wait my doom."

"Your life, my Lord, is your own," replied the Cavalier, "and, were it in my power, your sword also. Respecting our point of quarrel, you have had satisfaction, and I am free."

Murray unbuckled his scabbard and threw it into the water, to companion his rapier. He then bowed and walked towards the house. Armstrong, who had with great sang-froid watched the combat, having implicit faith in his friend's knowledge of the sword, now excused himself.

"I am loath to accuse ae humbled mon; but ye ken my Lord is nae little revengefu', an' he may let out the quarrel till his Honour gin they be there lane. I'se be ae guard on his tongue, ye ken, an' he has sair need o' ane. Colonel Sydenham, my dear leddy, wull bring ye till the house."

He then followed Caryfort, leaving Sydenham and Miss Bradshaw tete-à-tete on the field of battle.

The Colonel led his mistress to a seat, and sheathing his rapier, sat down beside her. Miss Bradshaw was scarcely less embarrassed now than at their first interview; whilst Sydenham, beholding before him the object of his love, like Alexander, "sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again." Without hyperbole, they were so tenderly moved, that neither could for some time speak: Sydenham drank in an ocean of love; and although the feelings of Esther were more chastened and pure, yet the sequel of this history shews she was little less bewitched with passion. To let our readers into a secret, it is a fact that Miss Bradshaw had, at the time the Cavalier was at Wibberley, though then so young and inexperienced, contracted a partiality for Sydenham, which time could not efface; and when the same storm which had exiled the Colonel, also drove

Mr. Bradshaw and his family from England, she had forgotten their common misfortune, in the hope of its contributing to their re-conjunction. From Armstrong (whom her father, as we have already remarked, had met with in the northern capital) Esther, from time to time, made enquiries of the Colonel, by which the Borderer soon discerned the frame of her disposition; and as he was enthusiastically fond of his "wee leddy," hence had arisen his anger upon Sydenham's non-chalance and careless mention of the mountain daisy at his kinsman's.

Sydenham, who had retained the hand of his mistress, when they sat down on the garden-seat, now asked her in a voice trembling with emotion, if the hopes of Lord Caryfort had any foundation in her own affections? This, as it happened, was the precise question to recall Esther to the use of her mental faculties. She did not raise her head, but replied steadily and articulately in the negative.

"Is there any other man more happy?"

cried the Cavalier, emboldened by her frank answer to his former question.

She gently shook her head, intimating a negative also.

"May I then hope, Miss Bradshaw, my darling Esther?" he cried passionately, encircling her waist with his arm. "Look at me, speak to me as you were wont at Wibberley. I am the same Charles Sydenham,—but no, I am not the same: I was then the happy, the dear friend of your heart; now am I the rejected, the miserable, the desperate object of your indifference. But think not I will survive your contempt; the same sword which could protect its master from the rage of his rival, can also release him from the weight of your apathy and scorn."

Esther, terrified at the eccentricity of Sydenham's manner, clasped her hands in affright, and raised her eyes. Fearful, if left in his ignorance, he might really attempt upon himself some rash deed, she replied, "You are wrong, Colonel! Instead of being to me the indifferent

object you suppose, you hold, if possible, a higher place in my esteem than when you left us in Derbyshire. I owe this confession to your friendship, and I pray you calm that disturbed spirit, which frights me with its fury."

If the Cavalier had been before furious with despair, he was now wild with joy: not Jupiter himself, revelling in the defrauded embraces of Alcmœna, felt more of rapture; not the young knight, receiving from the hand of his mistress his maiden prize in the tournament, enjoyed more of transport, than were produced in our hero by the utterance of these talismanic words. But with the usual inconstancy to one feeling, and the never-to-be-satisfied craving for further favour, ever remarkable in the conduct of your true lover, Sydenham, who had conned over Miss Bradshaw's words 'till he had them by heart (*ut aiunt Tyrones*), found that they did not contain, "verbis enuntiatus aut implicationis virtute significatus," that absolute and unreserved confession,

for which he had at first given them credit.

"Your acknowledgment, dear Esther," said the Colonel, "like the breath of the holy prophet, recalls me to life and pleasure; but I should prefer the lowest place in your heart to the highest in your esteem. I am unworthy a lot so transporting, as to raise a passion in your breast equalling that in mine own; but this I swear, by the glory of my fathers, and my own honour, no other man on earth shall win ye and wear ye, unless he can first cut the fire out of this breast, with a deadly hand and keen weapon."

This oath drew tears from Miss Bradshaw, which the Colonel, forgetting his distance, kissed off her cheeks, and she very unaccountably was so lost in thought as to suffer this freedom without repulse. It is a fact as singular as it is undoubted and true, that in a declaration of love, where the parties are *d'accord*, the heart and eyes speak with a sympathetical certainty, which renders the tongue an al-

most idle ally; and our readers may be assured, that wherever they have met with a concatenation of set speeches, uttered by lovers on an occasion so interesting, such dialogues have been false, scandalous, and affected, untrue to nature, which is the mother of love, and a libel upon the feelings of those lovely women, in whose mouths such ridiculous and immodest explanations have been inducted by their silly historians. In the case before us, we do not pretend to conjecture what passed between the eyes and hearts of Miss Bradshaw and her lover; but we may very well relate the consequences of this ideal conversation. The Colonel, as if restored by some magical incantation, resumed his serenity, and seemed the happiest of men; whilst his fair mistress, smiling through her tears, suffered herself to be locked in the embrace of the gallant Cavalier. They were interrupted in their delicious enjoyment by the noise which some one made, who was approaching: the intruder prov-

ed to be Armstrong, who came to inform them, that Argyle had left the house, and Mr. Bradshaw desired the Colonel and his daughter would attend the dining-room. Our lovers accordingly arose, and walked towards the house. Sydenham, when entering the door, squeezed the hand of Armstrong, and said in his ear, "I am the happiest fellow in the world; wish me joy, Armstrong, or you love me not."

The Borderer returned his grasp with double violence.

CHAP. XI.

> Why I can smile, and murder while I smile;
> And cry content, to that which grieves my heart;
> And wet my cheek with artificial tears,
> And frame my face to all occasions.
>
> *3d Part of Hen. 6th.*

On returning to the dining-room, whither Sydenham conducted his mistress, he found Lord Caryfort seated at table between Mr. and Mrs. Bradshaw, conversing without the slightest indication of discomposure. The Colonel, by the arrangement of his worthy host, sat between that gentleman and his daughter, and Mrs. Bradshaw taking the lower end of the table, as mistress of the mansion, Armstrong occupied her seat adjoining his Lordship. We shall not here take up the time of our readers in enumerating the quantity and qualities of the several dishes which composed this meal: we write not for the friends of Apicius, nor

for the Court of Aldermen, although, as the dinner was entirely *à l' Angloise*, those worthies might have found something to their liking; but we shall declare generally, it was such as suited the refined foreign tastes of the Peer and the Colonel, and no less satisfied the more gross but less epicurean appetite of the Scottish cavalier. Mr. Bradshaw, who, although a puritan, was a man of cheerful habits, broke into the monotony of his lady's recommendations and his guests' replications, by asking his daughter if she and Colonel Sydenham had yet come to a proper understanding: "For," said the old gentleman, "it seemed to me you had as utterly forgotten your old gambol mate, as if you had never before seen his face."

"Oh, be at ease upon my score," cried Sydenham, laughing. "Esther and I, with a little chat, have resumed our old friendship and our old habits; she is once more become the mistress of my knightly

adoration, and I am again her *preux chevalier.*"

"And how many monsters hath your good sword made bite the dust," said Mr. Bradshaw, "since you renewed your relations?"

There was a pause for a few moments, during which Sydenham looked upon Caryfort; but that philosopher preserved the steadiness of a veteran dissembler. The Colonel at length replied, "I trust, Sir, there is no monster of heart so malignant, who could look upon my beautiful mistress, and wish her less happy than she is."

"Oh! very good," replied Mr. Bradshaw, "I thought you were not studying for nothing; but you should remember, before you launch out so finely, that your beautiful mistress is in company, and spare her blushes."

In reality, Miss Bradshaw had assumed the hue of Lord Caryfort's tavayole, or petit manteau, which was of crimson sa-

tin; and her disorder was no little increased by the inquisitive and uncourteous stare of that nobleman.

"Fie, Esther, fie," cried her mother; "will ye never cease to behave like a child? It is well my good Lord Caryfort and the Colonel are your tried friends, and will excuse your silly bashfulness; but you will not always be confined to their company, and it's needful ye learn betimes a proper carriage."

"My dear madam," replied Murray to this maternal admonition, "your wisdom and cultivated manners may not better be evinced than in the very just remarks which have now fallen from you; for, on my conscience, I do opine, and further, I do believe, that most of the disasters which befal the fair sex in their passage through life, are caused by and are the effects of a kind of mental imbecility, which renders the beauteous unfortunates open unto every insidious attack. I say nothing of the awkward and rustic figure which a young lady

sheepishly bashful must make in a public company; but I would have her, for more important ends, discard her false modesty, and put on the armour of modest assurance, which (if I may repeat the word) is the best assurance against the unprincipled attempts of court-bred libertines."

The blood of Sydenham mantled round his temples, and his eyes flashed fire. Armstrong, who sat next to the Peer, whispered him, "Haud yer hand, Sir, he ne'er spares twice." But Caryfort took no notice. Mr. Bradshaw observed the flush in Sydenham's face; and his daughter, with an eye of terror, watched the muscles of the Cavalier.

"Come, Colonel Sydenham," cried the old gentleman, "you need not take the observation of Lord Caryfort to yourself. We have known you too well and too long to believe a cap so unworthy would fit your head; and, for my own part, it is my opinion that the country produces as many libertines as the

town, though, when they are transplanted to that hot-bed both of virtue and vice, they thrive with greater potency. Once more, I intreat you, imagine not Caryfort meant aught personal."

"I wish not to suppose he did," replied Sydenham, "though his own explanation would have more clearly convinced me; but instead of taking offence, where I am willing to believe none was meant, I must, in justice to the ladies, and not to myself, answer my Lord Caryfort's tirade. I believe it will be granted me, even by his Lordship, that those females who are most endued with that alarming modesty he makes such mention of, are, generally speaking, when well known, the most charming and fascinating of the sex. What say you, Sir? Speak I truth or falsehood?"

"You are correct, Sir: I think no one will deny your assertion," answered Murray.

"Modesty, my Lord," continued the Colonel, "hath ever more friends and

more worshippers than assurance, however ignorant your Lordship may be of this truth; and if ever your Lordship, for the sake of experience (and experience, as your Lordship well knows, is a sage tutor), should make one of those insidious attempts upon such a lady as you would declare over-modest, your Lordship will find that the want of assurance extendeth not to the want of spirit, and your Lordship will meet with such a repulse as is the due reward of every treacherous scoundrel either in love or war."

The cheek of the Peer was for a moment of a deeper dye than his mantle; but he quelled his wrath, and answered, under his breath, "Amen; so be it."

"Come, Sirs," exclaimed Mr. Bradshaw, "I fear too many words will cause ye to do little justice to Mrs. Bradshaw's table. When we have ended our commons, we shall have time to talk. Are not you of my opinion, Lieutenant?"

Armstrong, who, with his usual invincible apathy when he was no party con-

cerned, had continued his exertions in the "ars edacitatis," just lifted up his head and replied, "Aweel, ye're amaist right, Sir; there's ae time for a' things, as auld Hetspeerit o' the kirk tells ye ance an' awa'; an' I dinna ken ony guid reason why there should na be ae time for roastit beef an' plum puddin', as ye ca' it in England. After a' that's bin said o' t'ane side or t'ither by these gallants, the sight of his lordship, the baron smokin' on the table, is the best thing I hae seen or heard of syne we hae sat down."

The rivals, tutored by the delicate hint of Mr. Bradshaw, and the less scrupulous confirmation of Armstrong, passed the remainder of the time occupied at dinner in silence, or at least without addressing each other; Sydenham giving all his attention to his mistress at his side, and Caryfort communicating in a subdued tone with Mr. Bradshaw: Armstrong entertained the old Lady, and, by so doing, effectually served his friend, by taking off

her observation from Sydenham and her daughter. Such a precaution was indeed necessary, for the Colonel, whose ardour was seldom under the rein of his reason, spoke so plain and undisguised a language in his glances, that the merest novice in gallantry would have guessed the state of his heart, and the relation in which he stood to his lovely neighbour. Esther herself at length became sensible of his over-joyous manner, and, alarmed lest her secret should be discovered, assumed a more staid and reserved appearance. The change in her behaviour was soon perceived by the Colonel, *sine monitore, quia de pectore*; who guessing the cause of the mutation, put a curb upon the Pegasus of his passion. But although their mutual glances and endearments had passed unheeded by the elders, they were not so by the Argus-eyed Peer, who, resenting the preference given to his rival, internally swore to cross their enjoyment. So doth it often happen, my good readers, in Westminster-hall, that

when some greedy hawk-eyed counsel beholds a brief, which he had set down for himself, given to another of the brethren, he vows within himself to assist the adversary with all his knowledge and chicane, even though without his fee.— What will not men do out of a spirit of revenge?

The learned Le Sage, in his exquisite novel the History of Gil Blas de Santillane, relates it to have been usual in Spain for the valets of noblemen to attend their masters when they went out to dinner or on any pleasurable excursion, and whilst the lord was enjoying himself with the great folks above, the valet made one of the family below stairs. Such a fashion he evidences by the example of Don Matthias de Silva, and several other lords of the court, who in all their sorties "avoit chacun le sien valet," who copied the air and manner of his master. This practice had crept into Scotland, having been introduced by those of the nobility and gentry who had (in the common phrase)

"seen the world;" and, among the rest, by Lord Caryfort, whose valet at this moment was seated in the butler's pantry, quietly partaking with that officer of the household a brandered steak, and a draught of strong ale.

The dining-room was scarcely abandoned, when Murray, begging to be excused for a short time, requested his valet might be sent to him, having, as he said, forgotten to deliver a message of some consequence as he came, which he had carelessly undertaken. After a conference of some length with his servant, during which he wrote a billet, the man left the house, and he returned to the company, apologizing for the unpoliteness of his extended absence. This formulary, as it was said according to the mode, was, according to the mode, received without question or remark; and the remainder of the afternoon passed in a desultory conversation of very little interest to those engaged in it (for Sydenham and

Esther were no parties), and none to our readers.

The day had just expired, and the blue mist gathering round the city, seemed its encircling shroud, when the house of Mr. Bradshaw was alarmed by a loud rapping at the gate. A servant, who had attended the boisterous salutation, came up stairs to inform his master that the city lieutenant Macrandy was below, and desired to see him.

" If the gentlemen have no objection," said Mr. Bradshaw, " we will have Macrandy up stairs. I suppose his communication is nothing secret."

The Peer and Cavaliers acquiesced, and the city officer was ushered into the room, bowing at every step and to every person.

" Be seated, Mr. Lieutenant," cried Mr. Bradshaw, " and help yourself to a glass of your own sort. Here's sack, Sir, or claret, champaigne, and burgundy; or perhaps you prefer Portugal wines."

"Mony thanks till yer honour," replied Macrandy; "I'll drink the health o' the company present i' ae tassie o' yer sack. Sack, Sir, 's e'en like a guid friend; the mair ye ken him, the mair ye luve him; an' it's nae yesterday that the chiel an' yer humble servant came acquent. Here are yer healths, ladies an' gentlemen; may the warst o' yer luck be the best ye can hae."

The Cavaliers laughed heartily at Mr. Macrandy's loquacity, and even a smile sat upon the countenance of Mr. Bradshaw; but Caryfort looked dark and sullen, not caring to throw a single glance upon the citizen. Esther and her mother took no notice of Macrandy's manner, but curtseyed to his pledge.

"And now," said Mr. Bradshaw, "to business; what is your pleasure with me, Mr. Macrandy?"

"Gie me leave," replied the city lieutenant, "to do justice till your sack, Sir; ye'll no meet wi' sack o' this strength an' flavour ony ither gate i' Edinbro';

for ye may weel ken, my masters, we are ay here servit wi' the varra washin's o' French butts."

"But, Master Macrandy," interupted Armstrong, "we are a' impatient to be acquent wi' your commission, mon; an' we dinna need the history of ae sack butt."

"Ye'll excuse me, my masters," replied the citizen, "for ye ken it's na little that I am acquent wi' the liquor."

"Seein' ye sell it in yer chandlery shop," said the Borderer, in the hope of stopping his mouth.

"Aweel," cried the officer smiling, an' ye'll bye an' bye confess there's mony ae honest mon keep's ae shop forbye Macrandy."

"The occupation," said Mr. Bradshaw, "is by no means discreditable: but Mr. Macrandy will highly favour this good company, by being as expeditious as he can in relieving our curiosity."

"Aweel," replied Macrandy, "it's no fittin' that the ladies an' gentlemen sould

be keppit i' suspence, mair by token, I'm no ower patient mysel, as ye weel ken, Lieutenant Armstrong; an' sae the lang an' the short o' the matter is, that the twa Cavaliers hae bin betrayed."

The ladies and Mr. Bradshaw were thrown into consternation by this intelligence, whilst Sydenham instinctively laid his hand upon his sword-hilt, and the Borderer walked to the window. Lord Caryfort sat still and unmoved, looking upon this scene as if he had been a spectator at a play. At length Mr. Bradshaw desired the city lieutenant to explain himself, which he did as follows.

"The guid fortin' o' the Cavaliers fated that I sould gang, contrair till my usual custom, this e'enin' till the ha' o' the Council, an' I had meet met wi' ae gossip, wha had come thither o' the same idle errand, when that ill-faurd chiel the Earl o' Argyle sent for me till his closet: He held ae billet i' his hond, and said till me, 'Macrandy, ye maun gie up yer command o' the guard for to-night, till an officer

that I sall appoint; there's like to be bleidy wark, an' ye're weel reckon'd for ae kindly mon an' ae peacable, innocent o' strife, an' ignorant o' wappen skill.' "

"He spoke the trouth, bySaint Mary," cried Armstrong.

"Aweel, my masters," pursued Macrandy, "Argyle said mairower, that the proudest Cavalier ó' the King's train, an' ae Border gled, were meet then at the house o' Mr. Bradshaw, an' it was behoveful for the guid o' the State that the twa sould be apprehendit. Ye may weel ken, my masters, I mark'd his men. He then towd me that the guard maunna lea'e the tollbooth until ten o' the clock, lest the light sould betray their march, an' the birds sould fly; and dismissed me wi' ae written order for my justification, gin the deed sould be question'd abune head."

"By the King?" cried Armstrong.

"Ye say it," replied Macrandy. "It's no to be said that Lieutenant Armstrong treated me well; but the weel-faur'd face

o' the Colonel won o' my heart, an' I resolv'd, come what may, to serve ye an' save ye. Ye hae now time to fly, an' fly ye maun, for Argyle's ae clean de'il gin ye fa' intill his hands; an' it's na to be expected, syne he wad tak' ye under his honour's roof, that he wad release ye at his honour's intercession. Remember Montrose.

"He speaketh wisely," said Mr. Bradshaw. "We must instantly separate."

"Bide a wee, Sir," replied Armstrong. "My guid fellow Macrandy, for yer service ye shall ne'er need ae helping hand, whilst mine can wield cauld steel; but ken ye wha the traitor was that wrote the billet?"

"I dinna ken that," answered the city officer, "for there was nae signature till the note; but his Lordship seem'd weel acquent wi' the hond-writing."

"Have ye no guess?" enquired Mr. Bradshaw.

"De'il a bit," replied Macrandy, "save it be Fetterlegs; an' I dinna ken how

he sould be acquent wi' the Cavaliers at a', unless he hearken'd at the door o' my chamber, an' that's three-inch oak. Beside, I dinna mind it were Fetterlegs' writing, for weel ken ye he has ae villainous crampit hond, an' this was fair, free, an' plainly legible."

"Is there no other person in Edinburgh," said Lord Caryfort, "acquainted with the visit of Colonel Sydenham and Lieutenant Armstrong to our worthy host? Bethink yourselves, gentlemen. It will be unfair to hold any man at feud on bare suspicion."

"There is nae mon that I ken," replied the Borderer, "save it's my cousin William o' the Kirk Croft, an' he, an' his, on my saul, are as liel an' trusty as my ain steel."

They were thus engaged in canvassing the discovery of the traitor, and the bells of the city had rung nine, which allowed the Cavaliers nearly an hour for their departure, according to the relation of the city lieutenant, when a loud summons at

the gate, announcing the arrival of the city guard, put the veracity of that part of his story regarding the hour greatly *in dubio*. The whole company (his Lordship excepted) started from their seats, and the damp of terror hung on the brow of Esther, as she clasped with fervour the hand of her lover. Armstrong and the Colonel drew their weapons, and prepared, with the utmost coolness, to stand on the defensive.

"De'il hae me," cried the Borderer, "for mountin' siccan ae skewer as this. There's nought like an Andrew Ferrara when ye've muckle wark to do."

The city lieutenant had taken the precaution, on entering the house, to desire the porter to fasten up the great gate, and admit no one through the wicket without orders from his master. That officer now came up to know his master's pleasure, and Macrandy desired him to keep the guard in play a few minutes, whilst he executed a scheme of his own. The domestic retired, and the city offi-

cer took off his cloak, and discovered to the company an under-coat of the city livery, being such an one as was then worn by each man of the patrol. This he also drew off, and gave to Sydenham, who assumed the appearance of a handsome guardsman; and his own cloak also of the city livery, but barred and edged with silver lace, he placed upon Armstrong. The Cavaliers then covered their curled heads with the flapped Spanish hats in which they had arrived; and Macrandy replacing his own cloak with that of Sydenham, they bade the company good night, (the Colonel tenderly squeezing the hand of his beloved mistress), and descended to the gate. The night, for the time of year, was dark and comfortless; and the wind, which blew with violence, prevented the torches carried by the guard from acquiring a fixed and steady light. The city lieutenant ordered the porter to open the wicket, and admit but one man at a time. On the postern being opened, the officer ap-

pointed by Argyle in the stead of Macrandy entered the court, and cried out, "We are on the service of the state; resist not. Follow, guards." But seeing Macrandy and his two companions, whose dress he could not even discern in the dark, he held out the point of his sword, and called for light.

"Who have we here?" cried the officer.

"Wha hae ye here?" replied the citizen, "why ye've me here, Randal Macrandy, lieutenant o' the guard. Ken ye me not, Oswald Forrester?"

"And what do ye here," cried Forrester, "when his Excellencyset me on this business?"

"It's nae his Excellency," retorted Macrandy, "that'll mak me tine the reward, gin the Cavaliers are ta'en; an' ae hundred Jacobuses are as weel i' my pocket, hinney, as yer ain."

"But have ye found the men?" enquired Forrester.

"Deil ae bit," replied the citizen.

"It's ae clean bejunk; for I an' thae twa laddies hae watched the house for three hours an' mair, an we've sought it clean frae t'ane end till t'ither. There's nae sight nor sign o' Cavalier nor Cavalier's ghaist."

"I must search myself, however," said Forrester. "Comrades, follow."

The guard entered the court-yard, one half of which followed the officer into the house, and the other watched the door. Macrandy then departed, followed by the Cavaliers, and they made all haste from the spot, fearing the eye of the unknown traitor might still be upon them. Armstrong left them at the first turning, and went towards his kinsman's, the city officer undertaking to convey the Colonel in safety to Macgraith's. As they proceeded, the Cavalier expressed a hope that the friendship of Macrandy might be of no disservice to himself.

"Nae, nae, wha's to inform, think ye?" replied the Citizen; "an' gin I were dismissit frae my lieutenancy, whilk

I trow is the warst pain the Lords o' Council wad inflict, I sould neither greet nor grumble; for, to tell ye a trouth, there's mair fash than profit attachit to the office; an' where ane o' my fees gangs intill my ain pocket, there are e'en twenty find their gate intill that o' the Governor. If it binna ae liberty, I wad ask ye ae question?"

"Speak out," replied Sydenham; "your service entitles you to freedom from ceremony."

"Weel, then," said Macrandy, "how lang may ye hae bin acquent wi' the Lord Caryfort?"

"Never before to-day," answered the Colonel. "We were perfect strangers, until we met this morning at Mr. Bradshaw's."

"Ken ye that he is i' suit till the young leddy?" enquired the citizen.

"I learnt it from himself," returned the Cavalier."

"Ye're no his rival?" said Macrandy. "Ye'll pardon me for the question.

" I believe," replied Sydenham, " you are a true man, Mr. Macrandy; and I trust you have sufficient discretion to conceal the acknowledgment, if I tell you that I am."

" An' kens he your rivalship?" enquired the lieutenant.

" He does; and we have already met upon it," returned the Cavalier.

" Fought!" said Macrandy in surprise.

" Yea," answered Sydenham.

" And the issue?" said the citizen.

" Was disastrous to the Lord," replied the Colonel.

Macrandy drew up his mouth, as if in the agonies of acute pain, and shook his head with a terrified aspect. At length he said, " I will no' say it was his Lordship wha betrayed ye to-day, for I kenna how he might hae an opportunity, an' ye no' acquaint wi' it; but I counsel ye, he's no' to be lippen'd, or trustit, as ye may say, either wi' life or liberty. He's as fause ae chiel as ever wore a smooth face ower ae dissemblin' heart, an' ye

mought as sune expect to see Argyle himsel turn Cavalier as Murray forgie ae personal humiliation."

They had now reached the door of Macgraith's house; and the Cavalier leading the citizen into the porch, they re-exchanged cloaks. Sydenham, on giving his hand to the lieutenant, as he was preparing to depart, said, "You must not refuse me one favour, Mr. Macrandy, and that is the acceptance of this trifling mark of my gratitude and esteem."

"What's this?" exclaimed Macrandy, (holding up a superb diamond ring, which the Cavalier had taken from his own finger, and put into the Citizen's hand)—"What's this? ae diamond ring! nae, Sir, I canna, Sir; ye maunna think I did what I did out o' the hope o' lucre; an' mairower, ye Cavaliers are no owerburden'd wi' ready cash; an' I would account mysel waur than ae Border rider, gin I were to rob ye o' this jewel, i' yer need."

But notwithstanding Mr. Macrandy's

delicacy, the Colonel forced the ring upon him, and he left the house, no doubt highly gratified with the magnificent fashion of Sydenham's gratitude.

CHAP. XII.

——— Devise some means to come to shrift
This afternoon
And there she shall at Friar Lawrence' cell,
Be shriv'd and married.

Romeo and Juliet.

The course of our narrative renders it here necessary to take some notice of public events, especially as several of the actors in this our drama, played parts of eminence on the grand theatre of the British empire. General Cromwell had now entered Scotland, and advancing by slow marches towards the capital, near which the Scottish army, commanded by Lesley, was advantageously posted, endeavoured to draw the Scottish Fabius into an engagement. But Lesley, well knowing the inequality of his own troops, both in courage and discipline, compared with the veterans of the English commander, stirred not from his camp. He

did indeed suffer some few skirmishes between the advanced parties, wherein he was successful, and the King having arrived at the camp with many Cavaliers in his train (and among others Colonel Sydenham and the Borderer), in a desperate rencounter with the enemy's horse, his Majesty had the best; and by his personal courage, highly raised himself in the opinion of the soldiers. But this success was so little agreeable to the Scottish clergy who ruled the roast (as it was obtained chiefly by the valour of the Cavaliers), that they purged the army of four thousand malignants (so they called those of the court or kingly party, who were the best soldiers, and most experienced among the troops), saying that their army, being composed of saints, who could not be conquered by the arm of flesh, they needed not the assistance of the ungodly. This stupid infatuation, though at present its effects were not plainly visible (for Cromwell perceiving he could not provoke Lesley

to draw out of his camp, retreated to Dunbar), was eventually the ruin of the Scottish army. Lesley was ordered to pursue Agag (as they called Cromwell) and his sectarians, whom God had delivered into their hands; and that general at length removed his camp to the heights of Lammermoor, overlooking the town of Dunbar. We shall not here state further the disastrous progress of the campaign; but continuing the faithful ally of Colonel Charles Sydenham, who stayed no longer with the army than his Majesty was suffered to remain with it, we shall return with the Cavalier to the city of Edinburgh. Our readers may have guessed, assisted as all novel readers are by a singular and wonderful intuition, that the traitor who had so basely betrayed Sydenham and the Borderer, was no other than the cunning and hypocritical Simon Murray. He had sent his valet with the identical note which he had written at Mr. Bradshaw's, to the Earl of Argyle; and but for the interposition of an all-

wise and all-gracious Providence, the two gallant Cavaliers might have fallen victims to the jealousy and revenge of this unprincipled nobleman. But although his rival and Armstrong had been preserved by the activity of Macrandy, yet whether Caryfort feared his treachery would reach the ears of Mr. Bradshaw, if he should take any steps against the city lieutenant, or whether he feared Border justice (a sudden blow by lead or steel), if Armstrong should detect his policy, we know not; but Macrandy was suffered to remain in his post without eviction or trouble. In the meantime, Sydenham, whilst in Edinburgh, had been a daily visitor at Mr. Bradshaw's house, and had requested the silence of that gentleman upon the subject of his visits to Lord Caryfort, taking care never to make his appearance whilst Murray was there; and that nobleman, unannoyed by the Cavalier's presence, seldom made enquiries of his person.

The links of affection between Esther

and the Cavalier were now firmly rivetted; the web of love, tissued with their heart-strings, was now unchangeably interwoven. The passion of Sydenham had more in it of divine adoration, than the mere love of a mortal; whilst the tenderness of his mistress, in unison with the softness of her character, seemed to the Cavalier more worthy of obtaining for Esther the honour of canonization, than the severest discipline with which Saint Ursula or Saint Cunigunda ever mortified themselves. The garden-seat opposite the fountain was the frequent scene of their interviews,—a scene endeared to the Cavalier by the remembrance of his first happiness. It was chosen also by our lovers with an unusual attention to prudent motives, because no one could approach the seat, without being first heard or seen by them, when at a distance. Here had Sydenham over and over again "told his soft tale, and was a thriving wooer." We cannot conceal from our readers, notwithstanding our

zeal for the honour of the Colonel, that not only these interviews, but his addresses altogether, were unknown to Mr. and Mrs. Bradshaw. We seek not to pourtray a perfect character; our readers must take Sydenham as they find him:

> "Nam vitiis nemo sine nascitur, optimus ille est,
> Qui minimis urgetur."

So said Horace, and so say we. Your Josephs and your Pamelas are doubtless very good and precise sort of people; but where shall we find them? Tom Jones and Roderick Random have hundreds of correlatives "in this breathing world;" but the times must change before serving-men and women will again become models of chastity and innocence*.

On the evening of the third of September, a day memorable to Scotland, Sydenham and his mistress, at their accustomed hour, met at the fountain. We are not

* The last nine lines are an editorial interpolation.

positive how or by what means he obtained admission to the garden, whether by climbing the wall like Romeo, or that the gate stood invitingly open; but it is indisputable that he did not pass through the house, fearing that the frequency of his horticultural pursuits might in time lead to his detection. The day (for it was now evening) had been remarkably hot, and the intense warmth of the solar beams had left a glow behind them, not rendered less pleasant by a cooling breeze which rippled the pond, and frequently scattered the aqueous column of the *jet d'eau.* Sydenham sat silent, with his arm locked round the waist of his mistress, apparently regarding the fall of the feathery shower, as the wind broke the regularity of its ascent or descent.

"Such," thought the Cavalier, "is the span of mortal existence; and in that short period how many mischances are there which interrupt and destroy the regularity of man's happiness! I now

hold in my arms the casket which contains all mine, and yet how long can I count upon the possession of my treasure! The slightest reverse of the King's fortune makes him and his banished men; and were it possible that I could stay and enjoy the blessing I most covet, may I in honour abandon my Sovereign? No, never."

He pronounced the last word articulately; and Esther, who had also been engaged in a reverie of her own, was somewhat startled at the impetuous tone in which it was uttered.

"What mean you, Charles?" she enquired.

Sydenham, who was himself surprised at the escape of the word, folded his mistress in his arms, and said, "Never will I quit thee, Esther, until thou art mine, as fast as bonds of wedlock can make us: being single, the father may command, the parent may persuade; but when thou art my wife, Esther, it is not in the power

of mortal man to separate us, or bind thee to another."

"Fear not," replied his mistress; "you know not my father, if you suspect he would use authority to enforce a marriage disagreeable to me: often hath he said, hearts are free; and doubt not his was on his lips."

"I believe it," said the Cavalier; "it is not your father that I doubt or fear. But in these times of calamity, who is safe? The lands of Wibberley and Bradshaw might be a shrewd temptation to some wretch in power, who would neither seek your father's consent, nor his daughter's concurrence."

"Sooner would I die a thousand deaths," replied Esther, "than wed without my heart's liking: they may dispossess me of a fortune; it matters not: they may drag me to the altar; but what will it avail them? It is not a threat, nor the execution of that threat, which can awe my soul into obedience; and

though I should perish, having hold on the horns of the altar, I swear, my Charles, I will never consent to be another's."

Sydenham felt the whole force of her enthusiasm, and would willingly, had the cast rested on herself, trusted her fortune.

"And why, my angel!" cried the Cavalier, "why not set my fears entirely at rest! We are already one in spirit, why not become one in flesh? We are now united in soul, why should we be disjointed in body?"

"But how, where, or when, Sydenham," said his mistress, "could the marriage ceremony be performed? Would you have me disgrace my father and my family by a tie secret and clandestine?"

"Think of my situation, Esther," replied the Colonel.

"Think of my father's grey hairs," cried his mistress: "would you have me bring them to the grave in sorrow? Can I think, Sydenham, of his tenderness, his bounty, his ever-seeking carefulness to promote my weal and pleasure, and yet

requite him with ingratitude? And for what? Gracious God! for my own selfish gratification? What I! his daughter! the creature of his hand and munificence! the depositary of his confidence! the calculated support of his declining years! conspire, like the serpent, to sting the hand which has foster'd me! Merciful Heaven! may I never find myself the wretch such a desertion of my duty would inevitably render me."

Sydenham rose from his seat and walked to and fro by the side of the fountain. After some space, in which he seemed to be gathering argument for a reply to his mistress's objection, he approached the seat, and said, "Esther, you are blind to the complexion of the times, upon which my fate and that of every Cavalier entirely depends. Lesley, governed as he is by a wild infatuated crew of preaching bigots, can no more stand before Cromwell, than the pilgrim of the desert before the hot blast of the simoom. He must fall, or heaven

will indeed sanction the blasphemies of the covenanting faction, and work miracles in their favour; and when the Scottish army is in rout, and the enemy possess themselves of Edinburgh, what assurance have I, to sustain me in a new exile, that you live for me, and not for another?"

"Have I not sworn?" answered Esther.

"You deceive yourself, my beloved," said the Cavalier. "The religious ceremonies with which our ancestors solemnized the bond of marriage, the rulers of this generation have overturned: the civil magistrate bears now in England the torch of Hymen; and I tremble to imagine the consequences of leaving so sacred a power in hands so liable to prostitution."

"But who would dare," said Esther, "by an outrage shaking the foundations of justice, provoke the stern rectitude of my uncle the president? I was once his favourite; perhaps I am so still; and think you he would carelessly see my

ruin, and that of his father's house? Believe it not: he may err out of political enthusiasm, but his heart points as true to natural feeling as the needle to the pole."

"I question not your uncle's affection," answered Sydenham, "traitor though he be and regicide; but his authority totters to its fall: he will soon be as incapable of defending himself from injustice and violence as you are now. Justice, my Esther, was murdered with the Sovereign; with him the goddess laid her head upon the block, and accompanied his pure soul to the throne of the King of Heaven."

"To him will I trust for protection," said Esther.

"He confides thee to mine," replied her lover.

"But think ye I will abandon my parents?" cried his mistress. "What other stay have they on earth?"

"You will not need," answered Sydenham. "If the chance of war is against

us, they, like myself, must quit the country."

But though these arguments silenced, they did not convince the fair pleader; and it is more than probable, she would have held out resolutely against what she deemed a dereliction of duty, but for the succession of unhappy events which followed this conversation. The alarming news of the defeat of the Scots army at Dunbar arrived the very next day. Misfortune seldom comes single-handed; and it was soon rumoured that Cromwell, with his usual celerity, was marching upon Edinburgh — news which put the good citizens in a panic. Each person who had any thing valuable to conceal, exerted himself to hide it before the arrival of Agag and his heretical army, well knowing that it was impossible to defend the city. The more eminent of the citizens, following the example of the nobility, abandoned their town residences, seeking among the Highlands for shelter

and protection. Mr. Bradshaw, with many others, intending a speedy removal from the northern capital, was surprised and prevented by the expedition of Cromwell, who, arriving before he was expected, took possession of the city. The castle still holding out for the King, with his customary policy, the English general published a proclamation, declaring that all those who chose to abide quietly in their houses should be protected; and Mr. Bradshaw, seeing little chance of a successful attempt to escape, resolved to await patiently a more fitting opportunity.

Esther saw accomplished what her lover had foretold: the Scottish army, broken and routed, had fled to Stirling, where the court was now held: her parents and herself were in the hands of their enemies, who at their will might commit them to prison, or put them to death as traitors to the state. She almost repented that she had turned a deaf ear to the desire of her lover.

"What crime," thought she, "shall I commit by being clandestinely allied to Sydenham? I have already sworn never to become the wife of another, and God deal with me as I keep my oath. I shall not quit my parents: our marriage will not be known; but I shall be his in life and in death. And is that all? Do I not wish to become his? And have I thus argued against my own happiness? Such a tie, instead of being a weighty and burthensome fetter, would be a link binding me to life, a pledge of future delight, an anchor whereon to rest my present fears and my coming trials. Ah! were he but here!"

She was at this time by the garden fountain; and our readers may be surprised, but Sydenham instantly stood before her, with his hand upon his lips denoting silence. He was clad like a southland countryman, in a grey cloak (which concealed his sword and pistols), boot hose, and a broad-brimmed hat or bonnet; but his noble air beamed through

his disguise, like the sun through a hazy atmosphere. He squeezed his mistress to his breast, and addressed her in a low but forcible tone.

"I am here, love, at the hazard of my life, again to intreat thee to become mine. God knows if I shall ever see thee again; but it will comfort my heart, though dying on a beaten field, to think thou wilt be mine in a better world. Speak, answer me, Esther; thy yea will nerve my arm; thy nay will sink my head."

Esther fell weeping on his breast, and was for some time nearly insensible. He bore her to the seat, and hung over her with inconceivable fondness. At length she revived, and enquired whence he came?

"Armstrong and Macrandy," replied the Colonel, "are at the gate: the latter has afforded us a refuge from the enemy, whence we have nightly stolen to hover round these walls. Despairing of meeting thee so late, we have at length, disguised as thou seest, ventured abroad in day-

light, and heaven hath blessed our boldness. But speak, Esther, to my intreaty. Must I live the happiest of husbands, or die the most despairing of lovers?"

"Live! I am thine!" answered Esther, wildly; "thine, when and where the priest may bind us; thine, for time and for eternity. But how or —"

He laid his finger again on his lips, and looked cautiously around.

"Be thou here when the shades of midnight have enveloped the city. At the hour of twelve, be thou ready. I will return, my beloved, and conduct thee where we will hastily be incorporated. To-morrow I must join the King at Stirling."

"To-morrow!" cried his mistress.

"I am expected, my Esther," returned Sydenham; "and the dishonour of delay, when the trumpet sounds a reveillie to the Cavaliers, must never blot my name and fame. Adieu, my angel. Have me in thy remembrance; thou art always in mine. Remember, at twelve I return. Farewell 'till that hour."

The lovers could scarcely separate. Tears wet the cheek of the gallant Cavalier, whilst his mistress, overpowered by her emotion, again sank into his arms. It was some space before she entirely recovered; but at length making an effort, she regained her equanimity, and he departed.

It was not until her lover had left the garden, and Esther had time to reflect, that she remembered the hour of appointment; and, upon reflection, she began to consider the difficulty which would attend the ratification of her engagement. The family would long before that hour have retired to rest; and if, in making her way darkling through bolts and bars, she should be overheard and discovered, what explanation could she give satisfactory to a parent's anxiety. The evening insensibly passed away, whilst Esther was canvassing the manner of her escape. At each meal in the company of her parents the theme still haunted her, and rendered her silent. The hour of rest arrived, finding her still in debate. She retired to her

chamber, which adjoined that sitting-room whence the steps descended to the garden, the fastenings of which, as she had never before examined, she resolved now leisurely to scrutinize. She had frequently sat reading in the larger room when the family was at rest, and was therefore certain, if her light should be perceived, it would attract no observation. To her inexpressible satisfaction, she found that the latticed door, opening upon the steps, was secured by a brace of bolts on the inside, which she might easily and without noise withdraw. Having made this discovery, she retired to her chamber, and having fastened her own door on the inside (intending to enter the sitting-room by a door which opened into it from her chamber), she clothed herself in a close riding-dress, surmounted by a hood, and usually termed a capuchon from the covering for the head. She then extinguished her light, and awaited, with a beating heart, the time for her descent. Distinctly did she hear

the clock in the servants' hall mark the quarter, the half hour, and the three quarters past eleven: she then resolved to descend. Cautiously and noiselessly did she open the door into the sitting-room, and a glimmering of light, which made its way through the casement of the latticed door, lent her sufficient to open it without stop or stumble. She beheld, at the bottom of the steps, the figure of a man resting on the balustrade; it was Sydenham, who had been in the garden since nightfall, and had come up to the steps as his mistress opened the lattice. He received her in his arms, and led her without speaking by a circular path to the gate. Here they found Armstrong and Macrandy, the former of whom said, in a low voice, "Ah! my bonnie chiel, an' this is ae day, or ae night rather, whilk I hae lang syne prayed to see: ye're heaven's appointed for the Colonel, and sae's he for ye, my lassie. God speed ye baith, an'

mak' ye as blithfu' an' as merry as auld times."

"Come, Armstrong," cried Sydenham, "ye may talk as ye go. Close the gate. Macrandy, walk on and see the coast is clear."

The three men were well armed, and two of them, as our readers may have learned ere this, were not such as would take blows for civil measure. Sydenham drew the capuchon closely round his mistress, and with hasty steps they commenced their march. They proceeded without interruption, guided by Macrandy, and in a short time reached the house of the ex-city lieutenant (for, since Cromwell had taken possession of Edinburgh, our old friend had been discharged from his office), where a preacher of the kirk was in readiness to make the couple one. The pastor, a friend of Macrandy, and not unknown to Armstrong, was of the more moderate party, and on that account had been dismissed

his living by Argyle's faction among the Scottish clergy. He was a man of true piety, without that fanatical enthusiasm which at this time denoted the preacher of the kirk, and would very probably have refused to celebrate the marriage ceremony between the Colonel and his mistress, had not Macrandy and Armstrong solemnly assured him they had the approbation of the bride's parents, which might be known by the presence of the Borderer, who (as the pastor knew) was the intimate friend of her father.

The good man rose to receive the Cavalier and his mistress, the latter of whom (concealed in the calash or hood of her capuchon) after returning the salutation of the minister, was led to a seat by her lover. The difficulty of her situation, obliging Esther to rely solely on her own courage, had hitherto supported her; but the effort had exhausted her spirits, and she now felt weak and nervous, startled with the slightest noise, and dreading the discovery of her absence. Her voice (as

she begged Sydenham to be speedy) was wild and tremulous, and her eye, as for a moment she unclosed her hood, shot a ray as bright, but as unsteady, as the glance of a maniac. Sydenham tried in vain to compose the restless fever which preyed upon his mistress. She only replied to his intreaties and caresses, by requesting him to hasten the ceremony.

"Speed ye, Charles," she said in a low voice; "speed ye, or I shall soon be unable to bear my part."

Macrandy brought wine and cakes, which he placed before the Colonel, who pressed his bride to taste the one or the other; but she turned from them with the appearance of loathing.

"Are ye prepared," said the pastor, approaching the long settle upon which the Colonel and his mistress were seated. "Are ye prepared, my children, for this indissoluble tie? Remember, and it is my duty to forewarn ye, the knot once knit can never be unloosed; the shore once left can never be regained."

The warning voice of the minister struck upon the heart of Esther; but its tone, mild and consolatory, seemed to renovate her spirits; she unfastened the ribband of her hood, and let it fall behind her head, disclosing to the pastor her pale but lovely features. She then placed her hand within that of her lover, and said softly without a blush or a struggle, "I am his; we are ready."

The pastor himself pressed her to taste the wine: "You need it, my child," said he; "the novelty of your situation, or the fear of our enemies, I perceive, hath fluttered ye. Taste this wine: it is a good medicine, though an evil drink; a fair servant, though a bad master."

"I cannot taste wine now," replied Esther, putting it away; "if I must drink, let it be water."

Armstrong reached her a cup of the pure element, which she drank. The minister then proceeded to exercise his office, according to the ritual of the reformed or puritanical church, rejecting

the ring, which Sydenham had prepared for the ceremony, with an observation, that it was a mark of the beast. When the marriage was concluded, the pastor laid his hands upon Sydenham and his bride, and devoutly blessed them.—"May ye be happy unto eternity," he exclaimed; "and though the transitory passage which leads us through this world unto a better, is strewed with briars and with thorns, may the Most High conduct ye in safety and in love unto the foot of his throne."

Sydenham had prepared an acknowledgment or certificate of the marriage, which he requested the minister, Armstrong, and Macrandy to perfect by the testimony of their signatures. This was done; and the Cavalier and his fair bride, after a suitable expression of their obligations to the pastor (who would accept no pecuniary remuneration), set out on their return. With feverish haste did Esther and her husband, attended by Armstrong and Macrandy, retrace their

steps; they gained the garden-gate, which yielded to their entrance. Sydenham whispered in the ear of the Borderer, who, advancing to Esther, kissed her hand, and departed with Macrandy. The Colonel led his wife, by the same route which on their setting forth had brought them to the gate, back to the house. All was still; and the latticed door, which Esther had left partly open, remained in that situation. They closed it gently after them, and retired.

CHAP. XIII.

Good night, good night! Parting is such sweet sorrow,
That I shall say good night till it be morrow

Romeo and Juliet.

KING Charles said of the defeat of the Scots at Dunbar, that it was to him as good as a victory; for it cut off the chief of those demagogues who had hitherto ruled with a high hand, and lowered the tone of fanaticism throughout the country. The Cavaliers now came out of their lurking places, and assembled round the King's standard without opposition: Buckingham, Hamilton, Wilmot, Middleton, Massey, Langdale, Glenham, and a long roll of other royalist leaders, were soon at the head of a considerable force, eager to redeem the loss brought upon the King's cause by the folly of the Covenanters. But before the royal army took the field, it was resolved to celebrate the

coronation of his Majesty, which ceremony was performed at Scone, with such solemnity and such magnificence as the troubled state of the times, and the limited ability of the royal treasury, would permit. The army, amounting to upwards of twenty thousand horse and foot, had taken up a strong position near Stirling; and Cromwell, who had marched thither, purposing to attack them, found their camp inexpugnable. He therefore detached Lambert, his Major-general, with a force of seven thousand men, across the Forth, which, driving in the outposts of the Cavaliers, succeeded in getting between the northern country and the royal army. He was presently joined by Cromwell himself; and the King, perceiving he must either fight or march forward towards England, chose the latter course, and put his troops in motion. The English general, having left Monk his governor in Scotland, lost no time in commencing the pursuit.

Sydenham, who had been with the King since the noon of that day on

which we left him at Edinburgh, resolved once more to see his wife, and bid her farewell before he quitted Scotland. With this intention, he and Armstrong disguised themselves as when last at Mr. Bradshaw's, and arrived at the city in the evening.

> " All drowsy night, who in a car of jet,
> By steeds of iron-gray drawn through the sky,"

(as Fletcher has it), had just commenced his career, and the port wards were in the act of closing the gates, when the Cavaliers entered the town. They had left their horses at a house of entertainment without the city, and repaired straitly to the abode of Macrandy, which personage they found happily at home, indulging himself over a bowl of Fetterlegs' composition. So soon as he saw Sydenham and the Borderer, he held his hands in astonishment.

" What the de'il can hae brought ye here," cried he, "when the ingle's sae het it's sure to burn? But nae matter, sit ye

down, my masters: Here, Janet! Jeannie! fetch ye ae kipple o' stoups."

"Ye dinna need to be ower-nice," cried Armstrong, filling a horn oiut of the bowl. "Yer ain cup 'll no be poisont, mon."

"What news?" said Sydenham. "Is Esther—is my wife—"

"She is ay the same bonnie lassie ye left her," replied M'crandy; "ainly, tho' others dinna ken, I trow she's a little increasit i' the girth, my masters."

"And her parents?" said the Colonel. "I heard her father was ill."

"He's no likely to be better i' this warl," answered the ex-lieutenant: "forbye her mither, wha is maistly delicate."

"God spare them," said Sydenham, sighing; "she has need of their support in these times."

"Ye may weel say sae," answered Macrandy; "for there's that doomed deil, Caryfort, wha is hond an' glaive wi' Colonel Snell the governor."

"Who is the governor?" cried Sydenham, amazed.

"Wha is the governor?" echoed Armstrong.

"Colonel Snell, late Major in Cromwell's ain regiment," replied the citizen.

"The foul villain!" cried the Borderer. "Colonel, if ony men e'er ran risk o' their craigs, I trow do we; for were that traitor to lay hond on us, ae halter or ae bullet wad save us ae further march."

"But what say you of Caryfort?" said Sydenham to the citizen.

"Ainly ye ken," replied Macrandy, "that he is the plague o' yer wifie's life; for tho' his honour kens the cloak o' hypocrisy, whilk the traitor wraps himsell intill, yet fearin' his influence wi' the Governor, he darena absolutely forbid him the house; an' he's as het after Lady Sydenham as afore ye gae him the foil."

"Ye were daft," cried the Borderer, "that ye didna whip yer rapier intill his

wame. He wad hae gi'en ye sic measure, gin ye had changed sides."

"Armstrong," said Sydenham, "await my return. It may be deferred till morning, and it were bootless that you should encounter danger, when your assistance is not necessary."

"Ay, marry, but it is;" returned the Marchman: "an' win ye or tine ye, I'se stick till yer doublet."

"Nay, but —" said the Colonel.

Armstrong kissed the cross of his sword. "By my heart's bleid, ye dinna stir without me."

He turned to the table, and helped himself freely to the mixture known by the name of that of Mr. Fetterlegs. He persuaded Sydenham also to take a cup, and they then left the house and proceeded to Mr. Bradshaw's. In a few minutes they arrived at the gate, and Armstrong rapped gently for admission. A servant opened the wicket, and to their enquiries for Mr. Bradshaw, replied bluntly that he was dead. "An' ye'll no think

o' gangin' intill the house," said the fellow, "when the breath o' the master's body is just gangit out."

"We must see thy mistress," said the Colonel, putting a piece of money into the man's palm; "we have matters of importance to communicate."

"Sae I sould think," said the man, looking at the coin, "or ye'd no pay sae dearly for't. Wull it please ye enter."

Sydenham, followed by Armstrong, walked into the house, and they were placed in a parlour by the servant, without his recognition of either. In a short time the same domestic came to inform them, that in the present scene of distress, his mistress was unwilling to see any person, but requested they would send up their names.

"Bear this ring," said the Colonel to the man, "to your young mistress: she will know who is the sender."

The servant took the ring, and vanished. They had scarcely ceased to hear the sound of his footsteps, when Sydenham recog-

nized the voice of his wife, and in another moment she was in his arms: Her eyes were swelled with weeping, and her hair, loose and dishevelled, hung down her back, and upon her shoulders. She spoke not, but her tears eloquently told the fervency of her affection, as she clasped her husband to her heart. At length she said, in a tone which declared how deeply she felt the loss of her father, "He is gone, Sydenham; my dear father is no more."

It has been said that real grief is not loquacious; and if there is any truth in the observation, both Sydenham and his wife were heart stricken and deeply affected. The Cavalier attempted not by words to comfort his wife, but became a party in her distress, and soothed her by a mute but sympathetic condolence, a hundred times more efficacious than the long formulary of an idle discourse. Armstrong, the wild steely-hearted Borderer, was even touched with their silent grief, and could scarce repress a tear from gathering in that eye where moisture had

been a stranger for a score of years. He sat silent in a corner of the room, forbearing to interrupt the sad but tender scene before him, with a delicacy which would have done honour to many a man more refined, and more elegantly polished.

Sydenham, in the hope that mental exertion might rouse the spirits of his wife, took the first opportunity afforded him by the abatement of her grief, to enquire what course her mother intended to pursue in future.

"May she not withdraw from this country to the continent?" said the Colonel.

Esther shook her head, and replied in a solemn and sad tone, "My mother, Sydenham, will never remove hence, but to follow my father to the grave. Her spirits, her health, decline apace; and I shall soon, I fear, be without support or protection in the world."

"Without support or protection!" cried the Colonel, "Am not I thy husband, Esther? Say, you but wish it, and

though my name in arms perish by my absence, I swear I will not quit thee."

"Forgive me, Charles," answered his wife; "grief has hitherto been a stranger to me, and his presence has well nigh disturbed my recollection. But my mother may not quit Edinburgh, if she were able to travel. This house, which my blessed father purchased on his arrival in Scotland, is all that is left us of our former fortunes. It is true my uncle hath hitherto liberally supplied us with money; but were we to quit the kingdom, he would doubtless recall his munificence."

"But are you safe?" said Sydenham. "I hear Lord Caryfort hath busily annoyed you; and Snell, the bitter foe of our house, is governor of the city."

"Fear not either," replied Esther: "whilst my uncle the President lives, we are safe, I trust, from personal insult. Besides, Lord Caryfort cannot decently intrude upon us in our mourning, and he intends shortly to travel southward. Snell knoweth us not, unless his Lordship may

have told him of our family; but what purpose his information could serve, it is impossible to guess at."

"When twa sic loons pit their aivers thegither," said Armstrong, "weel ye may wot they're o' nae guid, an' I wadna be sae muckle amazit gin the laird were to buy his ain by roekin' after ithers; weel wull it be, gin the fause gled dinna look afraid, an' snap us baith at ae mouth-fu'. Mony thanks, an' mair than thanks, wad he get frae that rebel Snell for our caption."

This declaration could not fail to alarm Lady Sydenham, who now became as anxious that her lord and his friend should quit the town, as she before seemed desirous of retarding his journey.

"You must part to-night," said she wildly. "I may see my father and my mother fall before my eyes, and myself destitute of comfort; but if you are cut off,—gracious Providence forbid! what hope, what tie, what solace is there left me upon earth! Fly, Sydenham; leave this fatal

city. It hath swallowed one dear object, and I see it gaping for another."

"Calm thyself, Esther," replied her husband; "our danger is not imminent, and we cannot repass the gates before morning. No one but Macrandy knoweth of our coming, and he is as true as my steel morion. We will abide here until day-break: we must then, love, quit thee, and join our Sovereign."

"Will you see my mother?" said Lady Sydenham. "She knows our secret."

"Our marriage?" cried the Colonel.

"Even so," answered his wife. "My heart smote me with the deceit we had practised, and in her bosom I confessed it."

"What said she?" enquired Sydenham, anxiously.

"Instead of upbraiding me with insincerity," replied Esther, "she extolled my penitent avowal: her heart was then fraught with favour to Carysfort, and both my parents had destined me for his wife; but his veil of hypocrisy was rent in

twain by the coming of the enemy, and my father soon discerned the falsehood of his former professions. My mother told him of our marriage, and he died with blessings on his lips for our present and our eternal happiness."

Sydenham was deeply moved by this elucidation; but his pleasure equalled the interest with which he was affected, on being now certain that his wife was relieved from a load of anxiety which must of necessity have been the consequence of preserving so tender a secret between relatives so near. Indeed it was more than doubtful whether the marriage might have been preserved secret at all, for the situation of Lady Sydenham (*nunc partûs appropinquatione longè progressæ, ut aiunt medici*) would have rendered the matter nice and difficult.

The Colonel consented to pay his respects to Mrs. Bradshaw, and left the room with his wife, who ordered refreshments for the Borderer. We shall not presume to enter the chamber of death;

but we shall patiently await the return of the Colonel and his wife with Armstrong below stairs. The table was speedily furnished, and the Cavalier, who was particularly sensible of the old saying, "grief is dry," tried, with some success, to moisten his sorrow "with potations half-bottle deep." It is certain he ate and drank with wonderful avidity; and it is the less to be wondered at, when we consider he had ridden several hours at a hard rate, and in a night sufficiently raw to give an edge to his appetite. When he had made an end of this kind of discussion, he wrapped himself in his cloak, and disposing himself easily in a high-backed soft-cushioned elbow chair, he betook himself to rest. We have elsewhere remarked, that the nose of Armstrong gave forth, when he was asleep, a most sonorous annunciation of his repose, and at present that organ *sonitu taratantara dixit* so loudly, that one of the servants, supposing he had called, entered the room. "Did ye ca',

Sir?" said the man; but the only reply he received was a superpotential snore, which made the room ring to the echo.

"Ye're at rest, my bonnie chiel," said the servant; and he was preparing to quit the room, when the hand of Armstrong, which had supported and concealed his head, fell down and discovered to the man the Borderer's face.

"Ah, ah! Mayster Armstrong! is that yer ainsel, " muttered the fellow to himself," disguisit like the wolf i' sheep's claethin'? Ye've gain'd the cover, my auld fox, but ye'll no win yer gate out as easily as ye got in; an' t'ither chiel is doubtless yer friend Colonel Sydenham. Ho, ho! my Lord'll be fain to hear o' this. Wait ye, my bonnie trooper, I'll be back amaist afore ye can draw out yer snore!"

He then withdrew, without interrupting the slumbers of the Borderer. This fellow had, at the instigation of Lord Caryfort, found his way into the family

of Mr. Bradshaw, upon which he acted as a spy for his Lordship, who suspected, though he did not himself meet with the Cavaliers, that they were in the habit of frequenting the house. However, this was the first time they had been there since the engagement of this traitor; and in the hope of reaping an adequate reward, he posted away to the peer's with the news of their arrival. Murray, unfortunately for his own designs, and the expected gratification of his underling, was engaged at Holyrood upon business of importance with the Governor. The servant waited at least an hour, debating within himself whether he should still continue to tarry for the return of his Lordship; but at length, considering that the capture of the Cavaliers would be a matter as gratifying to the Governor as to Caryfort himself, he quitted the peer's lodgings, and made all haste to the ancient palace of the Scottish kings, where the insolent Snell had taken up his abode.

In the mean time, Sydenham and his wife returned to the parlour, and awoke the Borderer.

"Rise, Armstrong, and buckle up, man," said the Colonel; "our hour is come."

"Aweel," replied the Marchman, stretching himself, "I'm amaist ready."

He poured out a horn of champagne, and raising it to his lips, said, "Here's a sodger's blessin' till ye baith: may ye live for happier times; may ye live to enjoy each ither."

Esther held out her hand, which the Borderer kissed. He then drank off his potation, and said, "Gin ye wad favour me, my bonnie leddy, wi' ae ribbon for my basnet, I swear till ye, it shall fly there while I can haud sword till ae foe's breast; an' gin I see ye ance mair, ye shall hae it, allowing for wind an' weather, as guid as ye gae it me."

Lady Sydenham had round her neck a scarf or kerchief of green Padua silk,

which she took off and delivered to the Borderer, who carefully wrapped it up and placed it in the lining of his cloak. Sydenham then desired him to walk forward to Macrandy's, and he would follow. Armstrong drew on his cloak, and bidding Lady Sydenham farewell, departed.

The lovers (for, although married, we trust we may still call them so) stood for some time gazing at each other, as if unable to break that friendly silence which intervened before they were to say farewell. Parting hath ever been, between common friends, a solemn subject; what must it have been in this case, when the two persons on earth most tenderly attached to each other, parted, with the probable chance that when they met again it would be in heaven? A young wife, seven or eight months married to a husband, the god of her idolatry, who, absent from her the whole time, came but to take his farewell on marching to battle, perhaps to death — a husband fond of his bride to an almost unreasonable excess,

obliged to leave her, while her father lay dead before her eyes, unsolaced, unsupported, and almost unprotected. The picture is almost too heavy for human fortitude; and the courage with which this parting scene was sustained, can only be accounted for by the superiority of soul possessed by the lovers, or by the support of that Almighty Power which "tempers the wind to the shorn lamb."

Sydenham's heart rose to his lips as he pressed his wife to his bosom: the blood gushed into his head with suffocating potency; but he feared too much to awake the slumbering emotion of Esther, to give a loose to his own feelings. He endeavoured to preserve at least an outward placidity in the separation, as foreign to his heart as are the snows of Mont Blanc to the boiling lava of Vesuvius.

"The campaign, love," said he softly, "will end with the autumn, and I shall speedily return to thee."

"Will you ever return?" she exclaim-

ed; bursting at length from her silence, and regarding him with an agonizing look, which told she felt the full measure of that bitter doubt: "Will you ever return? Will my child ever see the face of its father, and behold a smile on the cheek of its mother? Oh, no, Sydenham; flatter me not. The field of battle is no hall of sport; the dreadful fire of artillery is no racket of the tennis-court; the charging of barbed horse is no jolly hunting party. There is but despair for me."

"Despair not," answered the Cavalier; "I fall not but with the will of our glorious Father: he hath preserved me in many a hot day, when the ties which bound me to earth were neither so tender nor so strong as those which now enthral me. Rely upon him, my beloved; he is powerful to save as to destroy."

This was the first time that the Colonel had ever dared to take into his mouth a subject so holy and so momentous; but his new character of husband, and (soon

to be) of father, seemed to call forth that dignity and solidity of soul, which had not presumed to appear in the single and hot-headed Cavalier. This trait, however, struck Esther, who had been accustomed to the moral discourses of her father; and she appeared from this moment to transfer the reverence she had paid to her parent, from his ashes to her husband. It is certain the reflection pleased and consoled her; she thought it must be the especial providence of the Almighty, which could put so pious an observation into the mouth of one, who, if he had not hitherto entirely laughed at religion, had almost wholly neglected it.

"You are right, Charles," she replied; "to despair is to do sinfully. In the providence of God will I place my trust; and whether you live to bless me, or perish in your country's service, I shall bow with submission to the heavenly decree."

But although the words came out of her mouth, her countenance spoke a different language; tears poured like rain-

drops from her eyes, and her bosom heaved with fearful agony. At length she grew more composed.

"When last we parted, Charles," said she, sighing, "you asked me for my portrait: here it is; it may remind you of your Esther when she is far distant."

She placed the cordon, which was of her own hair platted, around her husband's neck, and put the portrait in his bosom.

"Will you always think of me, Charles?" she said, with a smile which she intended for playful, but it was dashed with a bitter leaven, and a tear instantly displaced the feeble gleam. "Part, part, Charles. The dawn is at hand, and you may be discovered. Leave me, but forget me not. Remember thy wife, and the infant which may soon call thee father."

Sydenham spoke not a word, but pressed her in his arms, and drew his hat over his eyes. She saw his agony, and the sight relieved her own; for woman is

never so courageous as when she exerts her fortitude on behalf of an object to whom she is attached. She led him to the door, and with a countenance tolerably composed, bade him farewell. He gazed upon her as if they were standing on the brink of an interminable gulph, down which they were the next moment to be thrown, tendering his last adieu. They rushed into each other's arms, and were fast locked for some time. He at last released himself, hastily exclaimed "God bless ye," and fled out of the house.

CHAP. XIV.

Quel est donc le sort d'une femme qui aime! à peine ses alarmes sont-elles dissipées d'un coté, qu'il en renait d'une autre espece.

Lettres de Mad. Ninon de l'Enclos.

THE Cavaliers had left the house of the late Mr. Bradshaw about half an hour, and Lady Sydenham had retired to the chamber of her mother, silently to bewail the departure of her lord, when her sorrow was disturbed by a loud noise below stairs; and a servant came to inform them that the Governor, Colonel Snell, and a party of soldiers were in the court, and demanded to see one of the ladies. This annunciation threw Lady Sydenham into a new fever of alarm, and she could scarcely be quieted by her mother; who told her that, in this time, the Cavaliers must be beyond pursuit.

"I will see the Governor, my child,"

said the old lady, " and satisfy him that his search will be fruitless."

She proceeded down stairs, and entered the parlour, where she found Jonathan Snell, now Colonel in the Parliamentary army, and, by the favour of Cromwell, (whose devoted creature he had become) Governor of Edinburgh. On the entrance of Mrs. Bradshaw he rose from his seat, and without compliment, introduced the purpose of his visit.

" I am sorry, madam," said he, " that the wife of the Lord President's brother should be reported to me as the harbourer and concealer of our foes the Cavaliers. There was a time, I remember, when the proprietor of Wibberley did good service against that malignant faction."

" I am much more sorry," replied the old lady, " that the officers of the state do not know their duty better than to disturb the sorrowing relatives of the Lord President, when his brother lies dead in the house."

"Duty must be done, madam," said Snell; "and if you herd with the foe, you must bide his fortune. I have good authority for saying that two Cavaliers, Colonel Charles Sydenham, and Lieutenant William Armstrong, did enter this house to-night; and with your permission, or without, if you deny it, we must search the apartments."

"Excepting the servants of the house," replied Mrs. Bradshaw, "there is no living soul but myself and my daughter in it. Search ye may, and welcome; but I am deceived if the President will not avenge this insult upon his departed brother."

Snell paid no attention to this warning, but calling up several of the soldiers, proceeded to search the house. He went from room to room, with a torch in one hand, and his naked sword in the other; and at length came to that where the corpse of Mr. Bradshaw was laid out, previously to interment. One candle, which burnt in the apartment, made a

sort of darkness visible, and it was with some awe that Snell laid his hand upon the hasp of the door. He fancied, however, that he heard a low murmuring, and supposing the Cavaliers might be there concealed, he entered the chamber. He was deceived; there was no man living. The only forms he discovered were those of the dead body, and Lady Sydenham, who knelt beside the bed in the attitude of prayer. She rose on being disturbed, and Snell perceiving his search bootless, quitted the room, and drew the door after him. He descended to the parlour, where Mrs. Bradshaw awaited his return.

"Well, Sir," exclaimed the matron, "are you satisfied that you have needlessly disturbed the house of the mourner, and brought boisterous clamour into the habitation of death? Have you any further commands to lay upon us, or are we now at liberty to return to the privacy our late misfortune entitles us unto?"

"I have said," replied Snell stubbornly, "duty forced me here, or it is not

a house of mourning I should seek by my own favour. The Cavaliers are not here now, and I will not press you by enquiring if they were; but think ye not to play at hide and seek with such men as Sydenham and his companion: they are marked sheep; and if ye harbour them, they may plunge ye into a quagmire, whence the Lord President himself cannot draw ye. I give ye this advice, for the sake of the bonny lass I saw kneeling by her father's body. Take it or leave it; but ye may seek wiser, and get worse."

"Colonel Sydenham," said the dame, "was our friend before these sad troubles broke into war: why then should he not visit our house?"

"Colonel Sydenham," replied the Governor, "I blush not to own it, is the son of him who was my liege lord. His ruin has been my gain, his fall my rise; the black smoke which wrapt his castle walls, fired by my hand, was a grateful incense to the lords of the ascendant, my

good dame, and transformed me from a deer-hunting wild mountaineer, into a Colonel and Governor of this city. Guess then if he would shew me favour, and I owe him as little."

"But what injury has this young officer done you in particular," said Mrs. Bradshaw, "that you should seek his life with all the rancour of a private feud? Is he not a fair, an open, and a gallant enemy?"

"All, all," returned the Colonel: "the country confesses him to be the bravest, the handsomest, the most engaging, and most dangerous of the Cavaliers. His head would weigh a thousand marks with the Lord General Cromwell at any moment."

"And can you thus acknowledge his virtues," cried the dame, "and yet privately endeavour his destruction? I doubt me, you fear to meet the Cavalier in open field."

Snell reddened with indignation; he grasped the scabbard of his sword with

his left hand, and struck fiercely upon the hilt with his right.

"Now by my soul and body," cried he, "I should hold my dearest hope gratified, were Charles Sydenham and I to come hand to hand in plain battle: I press not my bed in peace for that busy thought; it haunts me unceasingly, bidding my rest avaunt, and rousing the slumber of my soul, like the remembrance of his own insolence."

"If he hath injured ye," said the matron, "more would it become a soldier, to seek with honour a soldier's reparation, than that meaner revenge which the world will esteem in ye a prudent cowardice."

Mrs. Bradshaw did not utter this sentence in the expectation of creating a duel between Sydenham and the Governor, for she was really of that strict presbyterian cast, which holds in utter abhorrence the fashions, the etiquette, and punctilio of worldly adaptation; but she trusted to throw a blind over the eyes of

Snell, and so prevent any further search after the Cavaliers. It had the success she expected.

"I promise ye, on my faith as a soldier," said Snell, calmly, "this is the last time I will seek Sydenham, but with my sword in my hand, so far as respects our private quarrel; nay, he shall be free to come and free to go, whilst he acts not the spy; but, as a private man, he is safe from my public duty. I owe ye this, dame, for your caution; and I will tell ye a word in your ear which shall pay ye doubly.—Dismiss Robert; he is a watch upon you: Caryfort is his prompter, and the sooner ye rid yourself of the peer, the better for your quiet."

"I have clear faith in your present word, Colonel," replied the dame; "and I should before now have requested his Lordship to discontinue his visits; but his acquaintance with you stayed our wish."

"Fear nothing!" said Snell bluntly. "He is a time-serving scoundrel, and

with my whole heart, discard him to-morrow.—One word more; think ye not that the honourable countenance I shew to Colonel Sydenham will extend to his follower Armstrong. That man owes me a bloody reckoning, and he shall pay it with his body on the gibbet. He is beneath my personal regard; but I will hound him to the death, whenever I can catch the scent."

He then bade the dame a good morning, and, with his myrmidons, left the house. He had no sooner departed, than Mrs. Bradshaw called up the house-steward, and told him to dismiss the man pointed out to her by Snell. This (as our readers will have guessed) was the same fellow who had informed Lord Caryfort of the presence of the Cavaliers at his mistress's house, and who had only returned from his excursion some few minutes before the arrival of the Governor. When informed it was his mistress's pleasure he should leave, he affected a high tone.

"It's easy wark," said he, "to tine ae guid servant, but ye'll no fin' it sae easy to win him agen; an' the penny fee is no' sae muckle that I sould care ae bodle whether I stay or gang."

"Ye say the trouth, Robert," said the steward; is's nae muckle matter, an' sae ye'd better gang quickly."

"Ainly ye ken," replied Robert, "I had ta'en ae bit likin' till the femily, an' it gaes clean till ae man's heart to be servit wi' siccan uncanny turn."

"Ay, ay, ye're ae wise mon, an' ae prudent," said the *maitre d'hotel*; "ye ken what's what afore to-day; an' mair spirit hae ye, I ken, than to think o' stappin' where ye're no wantit."

"The dame," cried the fellow, shaking his head, "wull rue the day o' my partin."

"Guid save us!" said the steward, "ye'll no set the house in a lowe, mon? Here, Jock! gie this chiel his dorlach, an' let him be packin'. O' my fegs! ye're ae sair mon an' ae dangerous to

hae i' ae civil femily. The Lord turn yer heart, an' gar it rin ower wi' the drippins o' repentance. Gang yer gate, Robert; gang yer gate."

The man, after receiving his wages from the hand of the steward, lifted his bundle upon his shoulder, and made off, followed by the admonitions of the kitchen superior. His first destination was the house of Lord Caryfort, to whom he posted with the news of his discharge: his Lordship was still a-bed; but on being informed that his *protegé*, Robert, wished to see him, he ordered him to be sent up to his chamber.

"Well," said the peer, turning himself in the bed, "what matter of importance bringeth thee here again so soon? Are the Cavaliers taken? Are Sydenham and that moss-trooper bound fast in the Governor's quarters."

"Nae, yer Lordship," replied the man, "nor are they like to be, for they'd lang quitted the house afore I return'd

till it, an' that was afore the Colonel came."

"This is a cursed chance," cried Murray; "the fortune of that minion ever sets plot at defiance; but what then is your errand?

"Neither mair nor less, your Lordship," replied Robert, "than to acquent ye that I am discharged frae my place; the steward has meet now dismissit me by the dame's order."

"Dismiss'd you!" said Caryfort, rising on his elbow, and pronouncing the words with an emphasis of surprise—"Dismiss'd you, Robert! for what? why? wherefore? she cannot have detected our connection, unless in some drunken moment you have made good the proverb, 'when the wine's in, the wit's out.' "

Robert shook his head: "I wull answer for my ain sobriety," said he; "an' its no aft that ye'll ken ae prudent mon be fou; but how she may hae lighted on our connection, my Lord, or whether she

has at a', is mair than I can weel resolve ye."

"Snell would not betray us," said Caryfort, studying. "No; his interest, and his desire of revenge both forbid it: well did I mark the triumph of his eye, as you told the biding of the Cavaliers.—Impossible!"

"What am I now to do," said the man; "your Lordship has ay promised me yer protection, an' I hae lippen'd till yer Lordship."

"Go down stairs, and remain in my family, until I can provide ye another situation," replied the peer. "But I will see the dame, and know her reason for thus suddenly parting with a servant of my recommendation."

The fellow left the room, and his Lordship returned to his repose. We must do Caryfort the justice to inform our readers, that he delayed his visit to Mrs. Bradshaw, until some days after the funeral of her lord, who was interred plainly, but respectably, by his sorrow-

ing widow. Few were the attendants upon his bier, little the splendour or pageantry of the ceremony; but what was wanting in magnificence was made up in sincerity; and if the body of Mr. Bradshaw did not (like the corses of his ancestors) move to the grave attended by poursuivants and heralds, and a long train of feodal retainers, it yet went to its kindred dust surrounded by the poor whom his charity had relieved, pouring out blessings upon the departed, and offering up prayers for his soul's salvation. There were no proclamations of Mr. Bradshaw's virtues; but the wet eye and artless tale of indigence and feeble old age, spoke with an air more true and touching than all the long-drawn titles of the pensioned orator. We shall not here pretend to describe the feelings of Mrs. Bradshaw and her daughter, on committing to the earth the form so dear to them: their feelings were above description, and can only be imagined by those who have felt a loss equally deep,

proportionably severe. About a week after the interment, the quiet of Lady Sydenham and her mother was interrupted by the visit of Lord Caryfort, who came to inquire the fault which had occasioned the discharge of Robert.

"I hope and trust," said Murray, "he hath not been so every way unfortunate as to give offence to Miss Bradshaw or yourself, madam. He was long in my service, and I must candidly own he served me diligently, honestly, and soberly. Much do I grieve, that a servant of my recommendation should so far fall under your displeasure, as to meet with an expulsion so ignominious; and but that I am assured by himself there is some misunderstanding which hath caused his disgrace, I should sorely have punished the fellow for the slur his fancied misconduct hath cast upon me."

"You waste words, my Lord," answered Mrs. Bradshaw. "This man's misconduct was neither fancied, nor his

character misunderstood. He is a Judas; and will betray his master."

The double application which might be made of the conclusion of Mrs. Bradshaw's speech, did not a little startle the peer, who really fancied the traitor had betrayed him. Thinking therefore some apology necessary to wipe out the stains which Robert might have cast upon him, he began in a slow and hesitating manner to defend himself.—

"Whatever the scoundrel may have uttered derogatory, — that is to say, lessening to my honour and friendship, he doth lie (saving your presences) foully and heinously: confessedly I am, at the present moment, obliged to buckle or stoop to the current of the times; but there is nothing more certain, as I am a peer and a gentleman, than — that — when the face of political circumstances shall transform or alter its appearance, I shall be found among the first and foremost to change my countenance. It is

said wisely by a Latin poet, with whom Miss Esther is intimately acquainted,

'Tempora mutantur et nos mutamur in illis.'

And a man of the world, and of experience, will hold it for no stain on the immaculacy of his honour, that he hath been obliged (as many great men in ancient and modern times) to succumb to the storm, and await in peace a more happy season."

"You are shooting beside the mark," replied the matron, shortly; "your man hath said nothing which might improve our acquaintance with your Lordship's true character. We seek it not; for the Lord is our protection; his eyes are in every place, beholding the evil and the good."

"My true character, madam," said Caryfort, (rejoiced in the thought that his treachery was undiscovered,) "is, doubtless, pourtrayed in my bearing; and so long have I had the honour of

being here intimately acquainted, that it would seem somewhat strange and eccentrical, were I not as clearly esteemed as my professions are naked and sincere. I should not, in verity, have undertaken a defence, which my character needeth not, had any persons less dear to me than Miss Bradshaw and her mother, been my auditors and judges; but I am effectually convinced, that, in these times of anarchy and malignancy, no man living, who hath any respect for the purity of his fame, may silently contemn the aspersions of this backbiting world. What say you, Miss Esther? Am I not correct in my conclusions?"

Lady Sydenham raised her head, (for she was engaged in reading an author commented upon in the hand-writing of her father), and with a look of sarcastic intrepidity, which his Lordship had never before observed in her, she replied, "Your Lordship speaks feelingly: the world is indeed a bad one; and the stricter scrutiny we make into the characters of our

aquaintance, the greater will be our security, I fancy, from scandal and detraction."

She resumed her study, and the peer, wonder-struck at the change in her manner, sat for some time silent. He was plainly touched with his guilt, for Caryfort was not a person to be daunted by a shrewd or angry answer either of man or woman. Acute in spying out an advantage, he never gave any to his adversary, either by inaccuracy of judgment, or irresolution of soul. Bold, yet prudent; crafty and subtle, but fierce and forward; it was seldom that Murray met his match; and it was only when he did, that he most cautiously exercised his coolness and cunning; but here he had been foiled and out-talked by one short sentence, and that from the mouth of a lovely female.

"There must be some magic in her words," muttered Caryfort to himself, "that I should be thus tongue-bound like a fool: surely she calculates on some hidden power, that she talks thus freely

and promptly. How well does even that proud smile become her lip! and that haughty glance her eye! but the rose has somewhat faded from her cheek, and the swimming brightness which gave a glory to those eyes hath softened into a less lustrous but more languishing bewitchingness. Her father's death still preys upon her heart: grief, says the poet, is akin to pity, and pity is akin to love: why may not I then seek to fill up that void in her heart, which it now bewails in the loss of her father."

The peer was in a full dress of lilac-coloured satin, barred, edged, and mounted with a latticed device of gold and silver, and was, in the language of Shakespear, "a marvellous proper man." It is no wonder, then, that he had vanity enough to count upon winning the heart of the fair mourner, although she had hitherto been deaf to his prayers. He rose from his seat, and edged himself gradually beside that of Lady Sydenham; her hand, which lay extended upon her lap, he took in his,

and with a squeeze betokening the softness of his feelings, he said in a low and gentle tone, " I have dared, Miss Esther, to—"

But before he could proceed, she withdrew her hand from his, and laying down the book, regarded him with a solemn and steadfast countenance. The peer was again abashed: his tongue faltered, his cheek felt in flame, and a purple hue spread over it in a moment, like that colouring the face of a rustic, on first telling his soft tale to his as rustic mistress.

" My Lord," said Lady Sydenham, " you were speaking; pursue your discourse, and fear not interruption."

" I was in the act of saying, most lovely Esther," replied Caryfort, " I mean I was in the act of intimating to ye, the most devoted respect, the most sincere and unaffected estimation, the most irretrievable and undone attachment, the most sacred and holy love,

which ever warmed the breast of mortal man, for the most amiable and lovely of her sex."

"And is it of love, Sir," cried Lady Sydenham, "that you come here to talk, when the coffin of my father is scarcely settled in his grave? Have you no respect for the feelings of a daughter, to whom her father was as a deity? For shame, my Lord! My mother sits before ye, and if you mark not my sorrow, at least respect her's."

"Most fully and absolutely," said the peer, "do I mark and appreciate the depth of your sorrow, and the acerbity of your feelings; and, believe me, it was with the intention of soothing the one, and mollifying the other, that I forced myself, however out of season, to disturb the tranquillity of your grief."

"What mean you, my Lord, by this trifling?" said Esther.

"Have you not lost your protector?" answered Caryfort.

"What need is there of so heartless a question?" said Lady Sydenham. "Alas! would we had not!"

"It is in the hope of supplying his place," pursued Murray, "that I have dared to wound your ears with the mention of love."

"Ah! who can supply the place of a father so dear?" exclaimed Esther.

"At least I would try," answered the peer; "and he lives not who can do more."

"May the lamb couple with the wolf?" said Mrs. Bradshaw. "May the dove mate with the vulture? What sort of protection would the tiger of the forest afford to the young kid, if she sought his safeguard? Answer that, my Lord."

"At present, madam," replied Caryfort, "I perceive, though for what cause I am unknowing, that I labour under the yoke of your heavy displeasure. Much gratification would it give to me, would you allow me, out of your bounty and

former friendship, to be acquainted with my crime, that I may so, understanding the grounds upon which I have been prejudged, undertake my defence ; and trust me, most worthy madam, that I, being arrayed in the milk-white armour of innocence, would come out of the crucible like refined gold, and cover my enemies, for enemies I have, with confusion and despair."

"We do not accuse you, my Lord, of any crime," replied Mrs. Bradshaw ; "the Lord is a searcher of hearts, and if you have been guilty of vices, He, depend upon it, will mete unto you your punishment ; but your presence here, my Lord, is no longer grateful ; and I beg, once for all, that when your Lordship shall have repassed our gate, it may never again be darkened by your presence."

"You shall not need, madam," said Murray, in a rage which he could not repress, "to repeat your injunction ; but before you discarded one protector, you

should have made friends able to supply his loss: it may be, madam, you will repent your resolution."

He then bowed to Lady Sydenham, and quitted the house.

CHAP. XV.

It was a hot and dangerous enterprize;
But trust me, Warwick, right well executed:
The Towers were fired, and dusky Nox surpris'd,
With the red streaming of the illuminate air,
Before the foe had knowledge of his danger.

Old Contention of York and Lancaster.

It is a fact, borne out by historical testimony, that General Monk, governor of Scotland, and the officers acting under his command, ruled that unfortunate country with a rod of iron, at least on their first residence there. Many persons, not only of the inferior classes, but of noble blood, suffered, by the arbitrary caprice of their rulers, imprisonment and death; and it was by submission alone that those of the nobility who remained in their native country, could ward off the one punishment or the other. Among the most insolent and most rigorous of

the General's deputies was Colonel Snell, who behaved himself in his station of Governor with all the pride, and all the inhumanity, which ever accompanies a fierce and uneducated plebeian in power. Caryfort, whom we have described as sufficiently haughty, was obliged to bend before this bashaw, with the ceremony of a mandarin before the footstool of his emperor; and at times it was not even by deference that the Scotch peer could engage the placability of the Round-head warrior. Snell (who, though an uneducated man, was by no means deficient in acuteness) soon pierced the veil of Murray's hypocrisy, and, convinced that this politician would herd with the uppermost faction, though he did not dare openly to join either, he held him in utter detestation and contempt. Snell was himself of that class of men who place all their fortune "on a cast, and will stand the hazard of the die" without flinching. Had fate destined his party to ruin, he would never have thought to redeem his

particular loss by turning his coat; but, as true to his own faction as he detested the opposite, with it he would sink or swim, rule or perish.

A man of this disposition could not have much respect for one so vaccillating and cautious as Lord Caryfort; and so openly did Snell begin to testify his dislike and contempt of the peer, that Murray, finding his situation not only unpleasant but dangerous, left Edinburgh and made the best of his way to London. He had not long quitted the northern capital, before the news of Cromwell's victory at Worcester reached the Governor; and Snell, now satisfied that the power of the commonwealth was fixed on a basis not to be shaken, and that the whole of the Scottish forces were put *hors de combat*, and could make no further head, exercised his power in a way more despotic and more sanguinary than before. In an evil hour, Caryfort had made him acquainted with the rendezvous of the clan Armstrong in Edin-

burgh, when it was needful for those of that name to be "under hiding," the situation of which he had learnt from the Lieutenant himself, who made it no secret at Mr. Bradshaw's. The Governor placed a spy upon the house, and soon after the arrival of the messenger from Worcester, the gathering of the Cavaliers was reported to him by his surveillant. Snell received the intelligence with a smile, pregnant with malignant meaning.

"I have them," muttered he, griping his hand hard—"I have them in my grasp. Woe to the malignants! their heads shall answer for past shed blood."

He gave his orders to an officer, who repaired to the house of Mr. Armstrong, and there surprised nearly a score Cavaliers of that name. These men, without the shadow of a trial even by court-martial, Snell caused to be hanged in the open market, swearing he would leave no man of the name. But he failed in his chief object—the apprehension of Lieute-

nant Armstrong, who had not yet been heard of since the fight at Worcester. On that fatal day, when the King, after contending with admirable intrepidity the bloody fight, was obliged to fly, Sydenham, Armstrong, and some other brave officers, made a gallant diversion, whilst Charles escaped by the gate of Saint Martin.

The King was several times surrounded by the troopers of Cromwell, and had nearly fallen a victim to their cupidity or enthusiasm. One man, called Vernon, a serjeant of Cromwell's own (and a Serjeant Ewart of those times), made a dash at his Sovereign, and had actually seized his horse by the bridle, when his purpose was espied by Colonel Sydenham.

The Round-head was instantly and fiercely beset by the Cavalier, and soon relinquished his hold of the horse to protect his own life, which he found not a little endangered. A short but desperate combat ensued, which ended with the life of Vernon, whose morion, head and

all, fell to the ground, cleft by the stalwart arm of his gallant antagonist. The King then passed without opposition, and made good his escape, though it was attended by many marvellous and interesting adventures, which are related in the histories of the times. Each man fled his own way, and Sydenham at length gained the coast of France. Armstrong lay hid some time among the Derby hills, whither he fled for shelter after the fight; but not finding himself there in safety, returned to Scotland. He arrived too late to witness the sad conclusion of his kinsmen; but their fate he soon learnt from the multitude, which expressed in murmurs and curses, " not loud but deep," the public sense of the Governor's injustice. Several of the clan also, who had been absent on the apprehension of their friends, or had succeeded in escaping, joined the Lieutenant, and brooded over their wrongs, resolving to avenge their murdered kinsmen, or meet the same end. In one of their meetings the sur-

prise of the Governor's quarters was concerted, and his death resolutely predetermined. Each man of the clan met accordingly, with the Lieutenant at their head, well armed and mounted: they had chosen the night as the fittest time for their concealment; and to the favour of darkness was added the tumult of the elements. The wind blew shrilly and steadily from the north-east, and brought with it rain and sleet; and under cover of the storm, the Cavaliers silently approached the city gate nearest the palace, and surprised the guard and port ward. These men Armstrong directed to be pinioned and placed within the gate-lodge; and leaving two of his company as a guard upon the gate, the Lieutenant rode on with his troop towards Holyrood. At the entrance to the court of the palace they again surprised the centinel, who, instead of vigilantly walking his guard, solaced himself for the roughness of the night by keeping his stand under the wall, and recruiting his spirits with a

dram. He was well nigh fuddled when they came up, and effectually prevented himself from hearing their approach (for the Lieutenant and one or two others had dismounted), by roaring out with all his might a popular song (among the Roundheads who permitted themselves to sing) regarding the battle of Marston.

1.

July the first, on Marston Moor,
There was a glorious battle,
Where many a man was drown'd in gore,
And the cannons they did rattle.

2.

Prince Rupert placed his guns between
Our lines, for to retire;
But Cromwell threw his bomb-balls in,
And silenced soon their fire.

3.

" Our armed horse, let them march on,
" Our foot shall shortly follow,"
Cried Cromwell, clasping his morion,
" And we'll beat the Cavaliers hollow."

4.

Prince Rupert then he spurr'd amain,
And charged the Scottish horse, sirs;
And Lesley run, without beat of drum,
Full thirty miles in course, sirs.

5.

But here our fortune met the foe,
And stay'd his furious mettle;
And to't we go, with beat and blow,
Like tinker clinking his kettle.

6.

Brave Fairfax made a gallant stand,
And Manchester fought well, sirs;
But Cromwell, with his noble band,
Sent the Cavaliers to hell, sirs.

The Lieutenant, just as he concluded, flung a cloak over his head, and he was then hurried from the gate, and conveyed to their other prisoners at the gate-lodge.

The number of the Cavaliers amounted to at least a score, for Armstrong had engaged several resolute men of his party, beside his kinsmen, to join in the enterprize. The Lieutenant and the greater part of the troop dismounted and gave their steeds to a few of their companions, who remained on horseback at the gate of the palace; and then silently entered that part of the house occupied by the Governor. The guard on the Colonel's chamber was quickly alarmed; but although he resisted, he was soon overpowered, and the Cavaliers entered the apartments. They were disappointed in finding the Colonel, who had gone privately to Stirling in the evening to see General Monk.

Enraged at the escape of their prey, the Cavaliers set fire to the apartments and withdrew, carrying off with them from the palace-stables the Colonel's choice stud of horses, in the breeding of which he was peculiarly careful.

The fire, which began to rage with great vigour, alarmed the town, and very soon a large concourse of people, consisting of soldiers and citizens, gathered round the court. But although they learnt who were the incendiaries, it was too late to follow them; for the Cavaliers had passed the gate where their guard was posted, and had gone southward with great expedition.

The Colonel, upon his return, instead of being thankful for the narrow escape of his own life, thought only of the indignity which he had suffered in the violation of his quarters, and the loss which he had experienced in the robbery (as he termed it) of his horses. He immediately sent out parties of troopers, who scoured the country, but with no success.

Armstrong and his companions had many times baffled the slaith hound, and were not to be taken by men wholly unacquainted with the tract of moorland they had fled to. The soldiers returned as empty-handed as they went, much to the chagrin of their commander, who was shortly after called from his government, to support those ambitious designs which his master Cromwell now began to think of developing. He quitted Edinburgh with the hearty detestation of all ranks: the poor hated him for his oppression; the rich for his undistinguishing rigour; the nameless for his unsparing cruelty; and the noble for his exercise of authority without regard to rank and privilege. Snell did not leave one friend in the north; and if his southern acquaintance were more amicable, it was because they had never felt the strong hand of his power, nor the wild licence of his unrestrained oppression. The Governor of Scotland, General Monk, took his place in the capital, where he continued to reside

until his march into England before the Restoration.

Our manuscript, obliging readers, doth here again, with its accustomed contempt of regularity and consequence, leave us in the lurch, falling, as it were, into a sound sleep or trance for the space of seven years; and with the accustomed taciturnity of those *gens* who have (so they pretend) seen the world of spirits, it doth not, on opening its eyes, reveal the secrets of the prison-house during the time of its *deliquium*. We have therefore been constrained, much against our inclination, to fill up the deficiency or *intercapedo* with a brief abstract of those historical events which intervened between the death and resurrection of our manuscript. We are unhappy in this our own sketch, that we cannot throw any light upon the lives of our friends noted in the manuscript: we can only form presumptions from the succeeding part of it. We have sought, with all the diligence a task so momentous deserved, for any tradition which might have assisted

us, being of opinion with Farinacius, that *testis unius inhabilitas et defectus, suppletur ex fide et habilitate alterius;* but our search much resembled that of the worthy wight who sought for a knee-buckle among the Scottish Highlanders — it produced nothing.

In process of time, as all the world knows, Cromwell succeeded in overturning his masters, the Parliament, and in gaining an almost despotic power under the title of Protector; for although, as a countenance, he continued to call parliaments, yet he never suffered them to debate with freedom, nor act in any way inconsistent with the full sway of his usurped authority. The first which he called after the tyrannical dismission of the long parliament, was that commonly known by the appellation of Barebone's, (from the leather-seller of that name, who was one of its principal members); but they had scarcely sat five months, when, finding themselves incompetent to the duties of their station, and without the

confidence of the nation, they surrendered their liberties into the hands of him who created them. This modest surrender was not made, however, without considerable opposition by Barebone, and many others of the most fanatical members, who refused to quit the house, until they were forcibly ejected by the military, commanded by the Colonels Goff and White. The Protector, who well knew the nation must be baited with the image of liberty, though the substance was "aliena res," re-issued his writs for a new convocation, whereby many of the old country party and republicans were returned, and among the rest the Lord President Bradshaw; but although he and other men of ability exerted themselves to revive the drooping freedom of the country, yet they now found it impossible to turn the current of the Protector's authority; who, perceiving their aim, posted a guard at the door of the house of commons, and forbade entrance, but to those who "buckled to his fortune."

Come hither, all ye barking patriots! and behold the consummation of your work! Come hither, ye oracles of the many, and reflect upon the end of your endeavours! Where is the freedom, which was to intoxicate with delight, and be a perennial spring of happiness to its manly-minded votaries? Has the goddess deigned to stoop from her starry throne, and descend to your invocation? Has she listened to your appeal, and, forgetting the innumerable eras when she hath been betrayed and despised, again covered ye with the shadow of her ægis, and planted the standard of the cap on the Tower of London? Alas! alas! what meaneth then this seeming military government? Is there need of soldiers to protect the popular darling? Or hath she again abandoned ye? What! do I hear ye say, that ye have toiled both in sweat and blood, that ye have talked by night, and fought by day, forgetting each particular calling in the hoped salvation of your country, and for a military despot? God forbid! But

is it even so? Are all your high hopes "come to this at last?" And have ye deposed an illustrious race of sovereigns to make way for an ignoble traitor, whose only superiority to your own greasy caps and woollen doublets, lies in his superior craft, and the cunning whereby he hath betrayed ye? Excellent politicians! worthy sons of freedom! your names will be handed down from age to age, not as an example, but as a warning: like a beacon, you will "stick fiery off indeed," and God speed that others may profit by your ruin.

This revolution ought to be an awful admonition to succeeding generations. The conductors of it, Hampden, Pym, Bradshaw, Hollis, St. John, Haslerigg, and the other leaders, were men of the first order of abilities, and of the first rank in acquirements; yet, with all their talents and power, they were unable to sustain the dismembered constitution,

which fell (as it will ever do in such a case) into the lap of despotism.

Most of the leaders, both loyal and republican, finding the power of Cromwell at present fixed, retired from active business: among the rest, the President Bradshaw, who was also Lord Chief Justice of Chester, went to the Castle of Wibberley, which had been granted to him by the Parliament on his brother's flight, and consequent forfeiture. As he had no children of his own, it is probable he invited his niece and her mother to return; but if he did so, our readers will be aware of the objections to such a measure, and no doubt the invitation was rejected. He still presided in his legal office with a great reputation. In the words of Cicero, "Illius vita multis erit præclarisque monumentis ad omnem memoriam commendata; admirabilis quædam, et incredibilis, et pene divina, ejus, in legibus interpretandis æquitate explicanda, scientia; neque enim ille

magis juris consultus quam justitiæ fuit."

Lady Sydenham and her mother continued to reside in Edinburgh, as we may learn from the sequel of the manuscript, the latter being too feeble to bear a removal to the continent, could they have obtained a passport, which was very doubtful, and her daughter too pious to quit her sick parent, even for the company of her husband. Sydenham himself, although he could not entirely leave his Sovereign, frequently crossed the water, and remained with his wife, not, it is suspected, without the connivance of the Governor. Lord Falconridge, his Lady, and Dr. Grostete, with our old friend Picard, remained at Rouen; doubtless frequently enjoying the presence of the Colonel, as he crossed and re-crossed the Channel.

Colonel Snell assisted at the inauguration of the Protector, and then went abroad with that division which made so conspicuous a figure in the French and

Spanish war; but no sooner was Dunkirk taken, and placed in the Protector's hands, than he recalled the Colonel, and gave him employment near his person, being one upon whose faith and attachment Cromwell placed the greatest reliance. Armstrong, we have heard, but we know not how truly, passed his time upon the Border in predatory excursions, and had at length nearly paid the forfeit of his moss-trooping with his life. We have no doubt but the hope of his Sovereign's return, "that fire which never died" in the breasts of the Cavaliers, still made him prefer the life of an outlaw, to that of a peaceable man bending to the times; and this apology to us, who are Cavaliers also, is quite satisfactory.

Lord Caryfort, whose talent for dissimulation was (as our manuscript hath before remarked) exceedingly great, had crept into the favour of the Lord Protector, and was now one of his council. Of the minor personages we can say nothing, their obscurity forbidding us even to

form conjectures. We therefore leave it to our readers to make their own. The manuscript resumes its march as will follow in the next volume.

END OF VOL. II.

Printed by A. and R. Spottiswoode
Printers Street, London.